Vol. CXLI. No. 1840.

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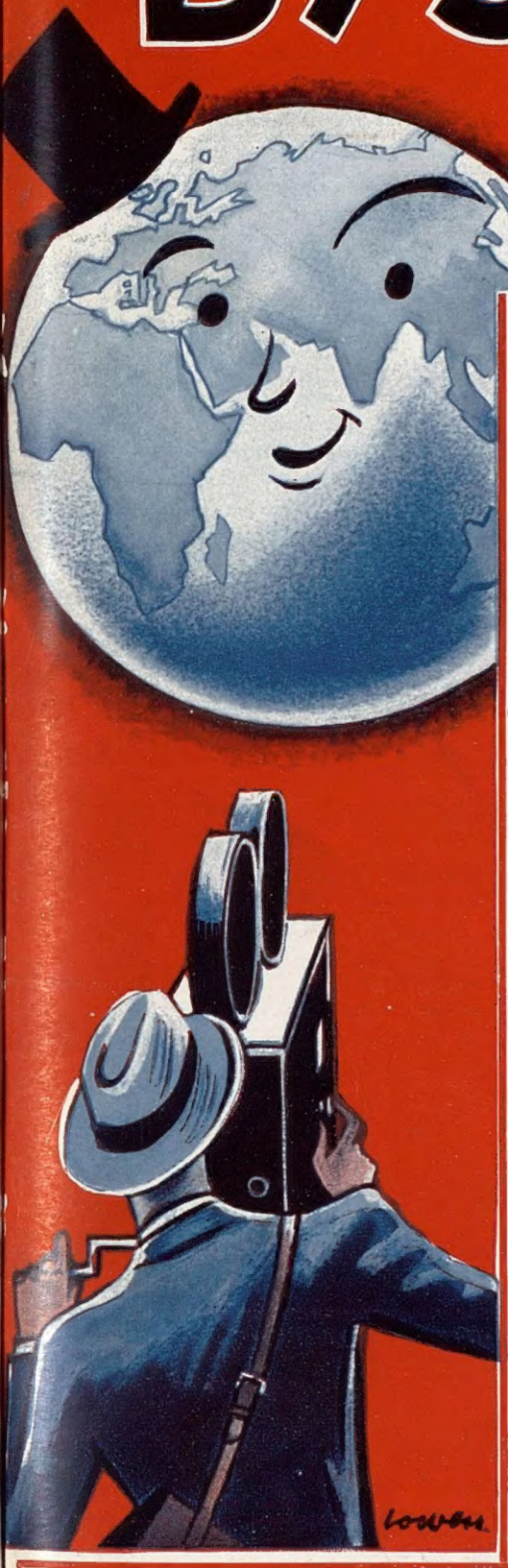
March 22, 1939.

The BYSTANDER

"Going Away—" : March Travel Section

New York Letter : Stage : Films : Sport : Society

1/-



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THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DRACULA.—A revival at popular prices of Bram Stoker's famous thriller: Winter Garden, 8.30.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.—Guthrie's production of Ibsen, cast headed by Roger Livesey, Edward Chapman, and Ursula Jeans: Old Vic (not Mon.), 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Last week.)

THE FAMILY REUNION.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse has the Westminster permanent company, plus Michael Redgrave: Westminster, 8.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley's next-life pilgrimage with Ralph Richardson as the pilgrim: Saville, 8.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOTHER.—Karel Capek's last and most moving play, with Louise Hampton in the name-part: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MRS. VAN KLEEK.—Nancy Price plays the name part—a tyrannical hotel proprietrix—in a play from Elinor Mordaunt's novel, supported by Pamela Stanley: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans; popular prices: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SUGAR PLUM.—Light conjugal comedy with Kay Hammond and Ronald Squire heading a good cast: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Lehmann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH.—Laidman Browne, Lydia Sherwood, Mary Jones, in an interesting but not enthralling play about marriage and divorce: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WE AT THE CROSS ROADS.—Keith Winter's new play has an excellent cast and is well worked out on a Barrie-esque theme that can deeply impress or greatly irritate: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Called an intimate rag, this slick, quick variety has Frances Day and Vic Oliver topping the bill: Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 22—March 28

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 117.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Prince George Chavchavadze

The Russian pianist gives a recital at the Wigmore Hall on Friday next, at 8.30. His programme will include Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Granados, Dohnanyi

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Adelphi (6.25 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

THE MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET.—Leslie Banks as a weird glandular nonagenarian, supported by Ann Todd, Malcolm Keen; Barré Lyndon's play: New, to-night, 22nd.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes and opera stars, with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démode, is the setting for Ivor Novello's new musical with Mary Ellis: Drury Lane, Thurs., 23rd.

KING GEORGE'S PENSION MATINÉE.—A galaxy of stage stars in shorts and extracts in aid of the fund; King and Queen will be present: Coliseum, Monday, 27th.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey are Katharine and Petruccio: Old Vic, Tues., 28th.

CINEMAS

CAFÉ SOCIETY (American).—Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll in a tale of spoiled darlings at play: Plaza.

THE GANG'S ALL HERE (British).—Jack Buchanan at the head of a very strong cast in a lavish musical: Regal.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder; Françoise Rosay: Academy.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Gaumont.

KING OF THE TURF (American).—Adolphe Menjou in a rich part with a racecourse background: London Pavilion.

LOUISE (French).—Grace Moore in Charpentier's opera: Carlton (sometime soon).

MARTHE RICHARD—AU SERVICE DE LA FRANCE (French).—A true spy story, with Edwige Feuillère and Erich von Stroheim: Berkeley.

LES MISERABLES (American).—Fredric March, Charles Laughton in the film of the Hugo classic; revival: Leicester Square.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story about Tsar Paul I. re-made: Studio One. (Last days.)

SO THIS IS LONDON (British).—With Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare: New Gallery.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—A lovely, romantic film, delicately photographed and well acted by Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave: Carlton. (Last days.)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (American).—Crazy comedy made crazier by ghosts, with Constance Bennett and Roland Young: Odeon.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

WINGS OF THE NAVY (American).—Patriotism and submarines and flying-boats and George Brent and Olivia de Havilland: Warner.

YOUNG DR. KILDARE (American).—Another medico who sacrifices all for humanity; Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore: Empire.

THE YOUNG IN HEART (American).—A semi-crook family, with Janet Gaynor and Fairbanks Junior, gets reformed: Tivoli.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—To-night, 22nd, 8.

GODS GO A-BEGGING, RAKE'S PROGRESS, PATINEURS.—Thurs., 23rd, 8.30.

FAUST, with Ballet.—Fri., 24th, 8.

IL TROVATORE.—Sat., 25th, 2.30.

LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 25th, 8.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and I PAGLIACCI.—Tues., 28th, 8.

MUSIC

Recital

MENUHIN.—Handel, Bach, Mozart, Bloch, Nin, Sarasate, Paganini, Dvorak: Albert Hall, Sun., 26th, 3.

Orchestral and Choral

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, "Till Eulenspiegel" (Strauss), and Walton's B flat Symphony: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 23rd, 8.15.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—The Theatre Concert Orchestra under Anthony Collins in Haydn's 99th Symphony, Mozart's Piano Concerto in B flat (William Glock), Schubert's Grand Duo: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 26th, 8.30.

THE MATTHEW PASSION (BACH).—The Bach Choir, nine soloists and two small orchestras under Reginald Jacques in the oratorio in entirety: Queen's Hall, Sun., 26th, 11 (1st part) and 2.30 (2nd part).

COURTAULD SARGENT CONCERTS.—The L.P.O. under Sargent in Brahms' 2nd Piano Concerto (John Hunt), Delius, and Rimsky-Korsakov: Queen's Hall, Mon., 27th, and Tues., 28th, 8.15.

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The Bystander, March 22, 1939 No. 1840. Vol. CXLI.

The Bystander

Angus McBean

Kay Hammond — "Sugar Plum" Star

Last Wednesday Kay Hammond returned to the stage, after nearly a year's absence, in Arthur Macrae's frothy, frivolous comedy, *Sugar Plum*. She and Ronald Squire are teamed for the first time as a married couple, he a publisher, and she a writer of children's stories about the Sugar Plum Fairy. A brief storm in their matrimonial tea-cup involves their friend (Arthur Macrae himself) and their secretary (Louise Riviere) in a tangle of misunderstanding that breaks no hearts. The play, produced by Harold French, is at the Criterion, where Kay Hammond had the biggest success of her career in *French Without Tears*. She is the daughter of the late Sir Guy Standing, who died recently in Hollywood, and sister of Michael Standing, of "In Town To-night" fame

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yer know, I reckon the first hundred years of this 'ere war will be the worst, and after that, every twenty-fifth"

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

On October 3rd, 1938, the Prime Minister said: "It is my hope that under the new system of guarantees, the new Czechoslovakia will find a greater security than she has ever known in the past."

On the same day Sir Samuel Hoare said: "What we did was essential for the Czechoslovak Republic itself. The new guarantee will more than compensate for the loss of a strategic frontier."

On October 4th, 1938, Sir Thomas Inskip said the Government "felt under a moral obligation to see that the integrity of Czechoslovakia is preserved."

At the same time, Mr. Harold Nicholson, M.P., said that the guarantee was "the most farcical bit of diplomatic hypocrisy that has ever been perpetrated."

In October, 1938, Herr Hitler said: "We want no Czechs. I have no further territorial ambitions in Europe."

Well, there it is. You can choose for yourselves.

Events in Central Europe show one fact very clearly—painfully clearly—and that is the perfect co-ordination of Germany's executive chiefs. Propaganda, economic pressure, diplomatic pressure, military movements are all exactly timed for the seizure of the new military key to Central and South-Eastern Germany. Seven months ago that key was the Czech line of fortifications. To-day it is Slovakia. With Slovakia inside the sphere of the Reich, Poland is outflanked, Hungary is outflanked, and a strong-point against Roumania acquired.

As for Czechia (as I suppose we must now call it), it falls completely into German hands, with its gold-reserve, the Skoda armament-works at Pilsen, and, of course, the aeroplanes, artillery, and other weapons (including the Bren gun) of the Czechoslovak Armies. Munich seems a long way away now. Actually, of course, it never was nearer.

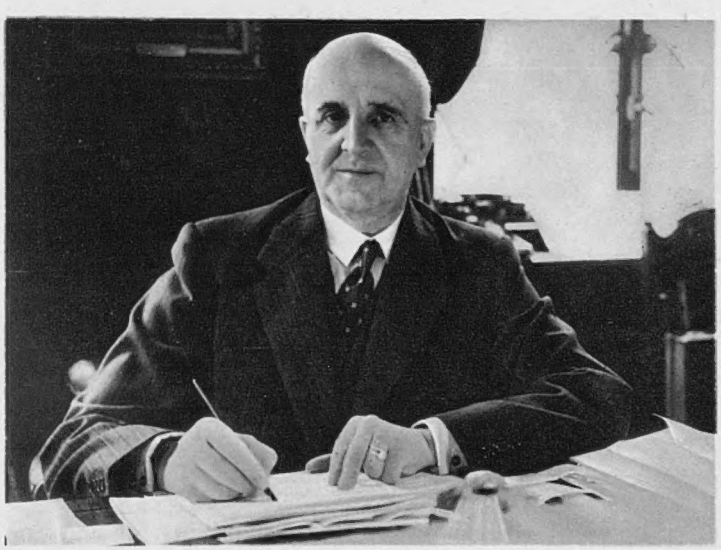
As a matter of fact, what Herr Hitler will gain from Czecho will more than compensate him for the fact that Slovakia has always been a "deficit" province. But it is not for cash that the Führer wants bankrupt Slovakia. It is for strategy.

In actual war-strength, Britain and France are far stronger to-day than they were in September, 1938. But in a single twenty-four hours Hitler has made them relatively weaker. France buys a thousand aeroplanes in America; Hitler *takes* a thousand from Czechoslovakia. We build guns and equipment for nineteen divisions; Hitler *takes* guns and equipment for forty divisions. And let us not forget the detail that most of the French contracts for gas-masks had been placed in Czechoslovakia.

As I write, there are rumours that a German ultimatum has been sent to Hungary ordering the evacuation of the Carpatho-Ruthenian district which Hungarian troops had occupied. This is an obvious move. The district is strategically important, because it cuts across Germany's main road to the Roumanian oil-wells. I rather fancy that in a few days Hungary will find that, as usual during the last thousand years, she has done the wrong thing.

***The ceremonial dress** of the Hungarian Minister, M. George Barcza, for the recent Courts is as above, with the Grand Cross of the Knights of Malta about his neck. It is Hungarian nobleman's costume, bright-hued by tradition but black since 1919 in mourning for lost territory. Perhaps now they will re-introduce a little colour*

I have been studying in great detail in the American papers the trial of Mr. J. J. Hines for being concerned with Dutch Schultz in promoting various rackets in New York City. I was particularly interested in the way in which the protection racket is run. The boss of the racket visits, say, a laundry or an artichoke-seller and says: "For ten dollars a week I will protect you against bombs." "But I'm not afraid of bombs," replies the honest fellow. "Well, you soon will be," says the



***Sir Allan Powell,** Mayor of the Royal borough of Kensington, was last week appointed chairman of the B.B.C. board of governors, a five-year job to start from April 19th, carrying £3000 a year. Sir Allan, sixty-one, gave his qualifications as being "a good ordinary listener and fond of the wireless"*

***The Crown Prince of Denmark** and Crown Princess Ingrid left England last week for a tour of the United States which cannot, in view of Denmark's menaced position as a small neighbour of Germany, be without import. They had been staying with the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Princess's grandfather. With them is Capt. Knudsen of the "Canada"* ➔

The Lyceum's *death and destruction was celebrated by the B.B.C. in "In Town To-night" with a broadcast by Andrew and June Melville, children of Fred Melville of the Lyceum: between them is Miss Elsie Davis, thirty-four years book-keeper to the theatre, who also took part. June Melville has announced that she will carry on the Lyceum panto tradition at another theatre*

The Vic-Wells *Annual Costume Ball filled the Albert Hall with its usual thousands of beautiful and peculiar fancy-dresses. Six actors and actresses judged the three costume classes: of the actresses, Constance Cummings picked the "Beautiful," Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies the "Historical," Edith Evans the "Original." The Ball was in aid of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells Completion Fund*

boss, and next day the man's premises are duly bombed. And they go on being bombed until he implores the protection of the boss. What a disgraceful thing it is that such a thing could happen in America. It is quite impossible that it should happen in Europe, fortunately. After all, the Czechs of their own accord implored Herr Hitler to protect them from being bombed.

ONE of the incredible features of the Prague crisis ('39) was the rosy spate of optimism poured out by Ministers only a few days before it happened. Sir Samuel Hoare was especially Pickwickian in his benevolence. We were in for an era of peace and the way was being paved for a disarmament conference. Was there ever such bunk talked by a responsible Minister? As for the *Evening Standard*, it grew positively lyrical. "Bursting optimism breaks through the clouds," it carolled. "It comes direct from the Foreign Office, and it is founded on a solid array of facts." With a hey-nonny. (As a matter of fact, it didn't come from the F.O., but from Sir Horace Wilson.)

MR. DOUGLAS REED, author of the famous *Insanity Fair*, has just published a new book, *Disgrace Abounding* (Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*). In his first book, Mr. Reed reiterated the refrain: "Watch Czechoslovakia; it means you." That was a pretty accurate bit of advice. In his new book he says that an alliance between Germany and the U.S.S.R. would not be impossible if Stalin's régime fell. "If you see signs of a change of régime in Russia, of the exclusion of the Jewish element, you may book that passage for the Bahamas, for all is lost."

IT will be interesting to see if A.R.P. and National Service recruiting is stimulated by the new Nazi conquest. At the moment, recruiting is wretchedly bad—especially among what is called the "officer-class." The younger public-school type, taken in the main, is not lifting a finger, although I admit I have met or heard of dozens of charming young men who have gone so far in the service of their country as to make enquiries "which job involves the least amount of work?" Naturally there are thousands of exceptions, but they are exceptions.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL raised an important point in the debate on the Army Estimates. Suppose the Field Force of nineteen divisions has been embarked for Flanders or some other destination abroad. Think of the havoc which a resolute body of 4000 or 5000 picked men could do if they were dropped from parachutes near big munition centres. They would be rounded up in the end, of course, obviously. But they could play Old Harry while the going was good.

THE Committee of Enquiry into the Anti-Tuberculosis Service in Wales has published its report, and, oh, sir! is it rough? Does it bopp the sons of the Red Dragon on the noggin, or does it? The Committee says the most peevish things. In fact, it often seems to be quite vexed. It uses phrases such as "overcrowding worse than anything one could find in the native quarter of Shanghai," and it hits medical officers for six for "putting in reports so meagre as to be almost uninformative." Words like "neglect," "failure," "unaware of responsibility" are scattered about like red pepper on a welsh rarebit.

THE Vandals have had a smart bunt in the slats on the Moretonhampstead sector of the everlasting front. The ancient and beautiful alms-houses at the top of the hill belonged to the Charity Commissioners, and the management of them was vested in Trustees. In 1937 the Newton Abbot Rural District Council ordered that the alms-houses must be demolished or reconditioned at once. The Commissioners blithely ordered the Trustees to sell the houses unconditionally. The Trustees produced a reconditioning scheme. The Commissioners rejected it and repeated the order. The Trustees, stout fellows, flatly refused, and at last one of them, Mr. Mervyn B. Davie, bought the alms-houses and presented them to the Parish. All honour to Mr. Davie and his fellow-Trustees, and bad cess to the Newton Abbot Rural District Council and a murrain of frogs and bats and plague-rats upon the Charity Commissioners.

FOR quite a long time my not-much-respected colleague, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, ably assisted by those two rascals of the daily Press, Mr. Timothy Shy and "Beachcomber," has been pouring scorn and ridicule upon "Bishop" Fry and "Archdeacon" Hobbs, and the rest of the cricketing theocracy. And now I must say that the Archdeacon has played the ball right into their clutching and ribald hands. In the *Star* Mr. Hobbs has actually written: "People are laughing at timeless Test cricket. That is wrong and must be stopped. Cricket is not a joke and never has been." The operative word, of course, is "must." A short Act of Parliament, coupled with wide police powers, would do the trick. Sir Samuel Hoare is unlikely to sanction flogging, unfortunately.

OF course Mr. Hobbs is wrong. The Timeless Test was idiotically funny from start to finish. It was so dreary for days and days that baseball players in America got hysterics of laughter. Then it suddenly—that is to say, after eight or nine days—became interesting. And then, still more suddenly, it stopped, and the best joke of all emerged. It wasn't a timeless test at all. It had to stop so that the English team should have some hours in Cape Town before embarking. So a foolish business drags to a comic, inglorious, and most mysterious end.

Italia Conti and her Pupils

Italia Conti, whose pupils are giving a big vaudeville show next Saturday at the Holborn Empire, is telling some of her girls a story that they have often heard: how she picked up Rosalind, the school mascot and pet, after the dog had been run over on the Great North Road. And Rosalind, as befits an inmate of a dramatic school, acts hurt and wounded as the tale is re-told. Italia Conti has been training young actors and actresses for twenty-eight years. For pictures of her and them in the Italia Conti Stage School in Lamb's Conduit Street, turn over

Italia Conti and Her Pupils *(continued)*

The Italia Conti Stage School in Lamb's Conduit Street came into being after the first *Where the Rainbow Ends* at the Savoy Theatre in 1911. To-day the school is a flourishing concern, teaching elocution and acting, dancing, fencing, singing, stage management and its branches (such as lighting). Two to eighteen are the usual age limits of pupils, but Miss Conti emphasises that she does not only train child actors but trains children to become mature actors: Noel Coward, Jack Hawkins, the Liveseys, Gertrude Lawrence have been Conti charges. Miss Conti herself, though daughter of an Italian who belonged distantly to the Roman family that supplied three Popes, had an English mother and was born in sound of Bow Bells, regards herself as completely English

Make-up: *The Rev. Vincent Howson, an old Bensonian and an authority on character make-up, takes a senior class in this subject, with a demonstration here of how to age Queen Victoria*

Olive Wright, *who played Tiger Lily in the last "Peter Pan," here tries a straight make-up on a fellow student: getting used to being made-up is as important as getting used to making-up*

The canteen, *always popular, is a rush at tea-time. The nearest girl to the camera is Pixie Loraine, eldest daughter of the late Robert Loraine, actor-airman. Behind is Mrs. Jordan, who has been with the school since its inception*

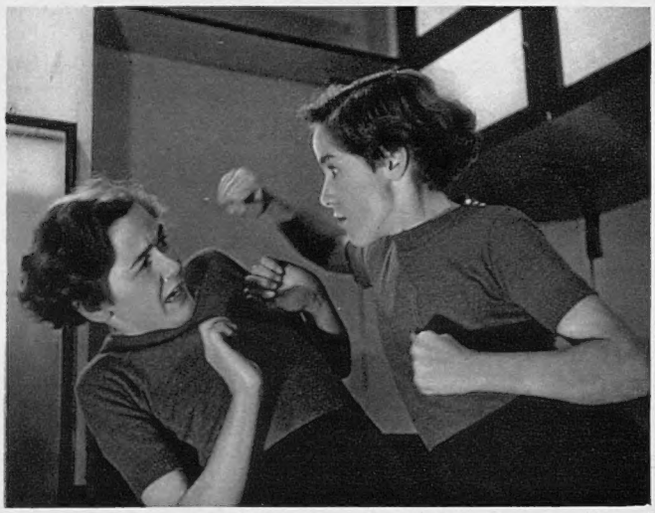
Photographs by Colin Tait

Shakespeare *is as much one of the fundamentals of acting as it seems to be of our Prime Minister's apt public quotations; here some juniors make a pretty pose with volumes of the poet*

Crying *is an child actor, so*

Fencing *is important in teaching posed balance. The on-guards here include Florence Woodgate, niece of Leslie Woodgate (himself an old Contian), José Sangwin and José Williams*

Dancing *in all its branches is also an important part of the Conti curriculum. Watching the finale of a pas de cinq is the Script Girl, Hilda Burdon. As her title shows, the school trains for film as well as stage technique*



Mime *is very popular with the juniors and is a fundamental of the dramatic art. Above, the Munks twins register Terror and Attack (topical emotions); on the right, they have given the limelight to two juveniles, of whom the boy is only half in the game*

emotion that most scripts demand sooner or later from the the Conti juveniles do a few hours a week of simulated woe

Laughing *is more difficult than crying, the children say. The middle boy is Derek Lansiaux, who played Prince Leopold in "Sixty Glorious Years"*

Social Register

A CHRISTENING

Mary Anne Maud Sigrid Gretton's First House Party

Mr. and Mrs. John Gretton's baby daughter was christened from Stapleford Park, her grandfather's home near Melton Mowbray. In this house-party group are Lady Mansfield and Mrs. Teddy Brook, her godmothers, Lady Floyd, her aunt, Mrs. John Gretton, her mother, the Duchess of Newcastle, another godmother, Sir Henry Floyd, Mr. John Gretton, her father, Lord Mansfield, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, her godfather. John Gretton is Colonel John Gretton's son, and Mrs. Gretton was Margaret Loeffler before her 1930 marriage

SUPPER PARTY

Twins—Mr. Everard Hambro and Mrs. John Lyon

Everard Hambro and his twin sister, Mrs. John Lyon, had supper together one evening last week. They are the children of Major-General Sir Percy Hambro. Mrs. Lyon married a year ago; her husband is the son of Major and Mrs. C. G. Lyon, of Whitley Bridge, Yorkshire

COURT DRESS FITTING

Miss Rosamond Fellowes

The Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes' daughter is a debutante this year, and was presented by her mother at the third Court last Thursday. She was just going to have a final fitting of her dress

THE SECOND COURT

Mrs. John and Mrs. Roger Henderson

Two sisters-in-law were presented last Wednesday by their mother-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson. Mrs. John Henderson is German, was Anne Marie Sorrensen, of Berlin, before her 1938 marriage. Mrs. Roger Henderson is Australian, and married the late Hon. Arnold Henderson's elder son in 1934. Both wore white Court dresses

Bassano

Lady Anne Walpole

The daughter of the late Earl of Orford and the Countess of Orford was presented by her mother. Her father's title became extinct when he died in 1931. She and her mother live at Torrington, in Devon, and also own property in New Zealand. She wore a white shadow-lace crinoline dress

FILM PREMIERE

The Marchioness of Donegall and the Marquess of Donegall

The two couples above and on the right were in the first-night audience for "Trois Valses," the Yvonne Printemps' film at the Curzon. Lady Donegall, who comes from Halifax, Canada, is the mother of the journalist-Marquess. Lady Dashwood, Sir John Dashwood's wife, who is also Canadian, was with Sir Roderick Jones, the Chairman of Reuter's

Lady Dashwood and Sir Roderick Jones

Miss Edith Moore, Miss Anne Smyth-Pigott

Edie Moore, daughter of Capt. Charles Moore, of Mooresfort, Co. Tipperary, and Anne Smyth-Pigott were presented by Lady Clare Smyth-Pigott, in white needle-run lace over white taffeta, and ice-blue faille respectively. They are cousins, granddaughters of the Earl of Denbigh. Edie Moore's mother was the late Lady Dorothy Moore

Miss Vyvyan Bodley

Mrs. Ralph Wigram presented her niece, Vyvyan Bodley, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Bodley, at the second Court. Miss Bodley is a mannequin in a big London fashion house, wore for her presentation a picture dress of white net

Miss Cynthia Joseph

Sir Francis and Lady Joseph's seventeen-year-old daughter also wore white net, but Victorian in style and embroidered with sequins. Lady Joseph, who presented her, is giving a dance for her and her sister Rosamond in June

"*Tatler Time*": *the shiny weeklies are the butt of Gabrielle Brune ("Sketch"), Michael Wilding ("Tatler"), Hermione Gingold ("Vogue"), Walter Crisham ("Harper's"), Doris Gilmore ("Tatler"), Jack McNaughten ("Bystander")*

The Gate Revue

Photographs by Angus McBean

Every Christmas the Gate Theatre's revue draws its packed audiences to Villiers Street. This year the run went on and on and still not half the people had seen it who wanted to. So now it is at the Ambassadors, its ribald wit and impertinent satire little the worse for the censor's attentions. Hermione Gingold, Walter Crisham, and Joan Swinstead head the spirited, clever, merciless company of ten. Mr. Farjeon's notice of The Gate Revue appeared in January

"*The Bare Idea*": *Reginald Beckwith as the only male strip-tease artist*

"*Beauty, Beauty*": *Hermione Gingold satirises the Women's League of Health and Beauty*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"We at the Crossroads" (Globe)

IN the first act of this extremely West End play, we make the acquaintance of a house-party Keith Wintering in Morocco, said house-party consisting of one extremely disillusioned bachelor author, one extremely slinky vamp, one extremely headstrong husband, one extremely jealous wife, and one extremely blind secretary. The headstrong husband (Ronald Ward) is bent on entangling himself with the slinky vamp (Ena Burrill), the jealous wife (Adrianne Allen) is bent on getting her own back, the disillusioned author (Hugh Williams) is bent on casting a gloom, and the blind secretary (Robert Harris) is bent on being blind but seems to be nice, which the others don't. Until there comes a Knock at the Door, and the curtain descends on an extremely strengthy first act.

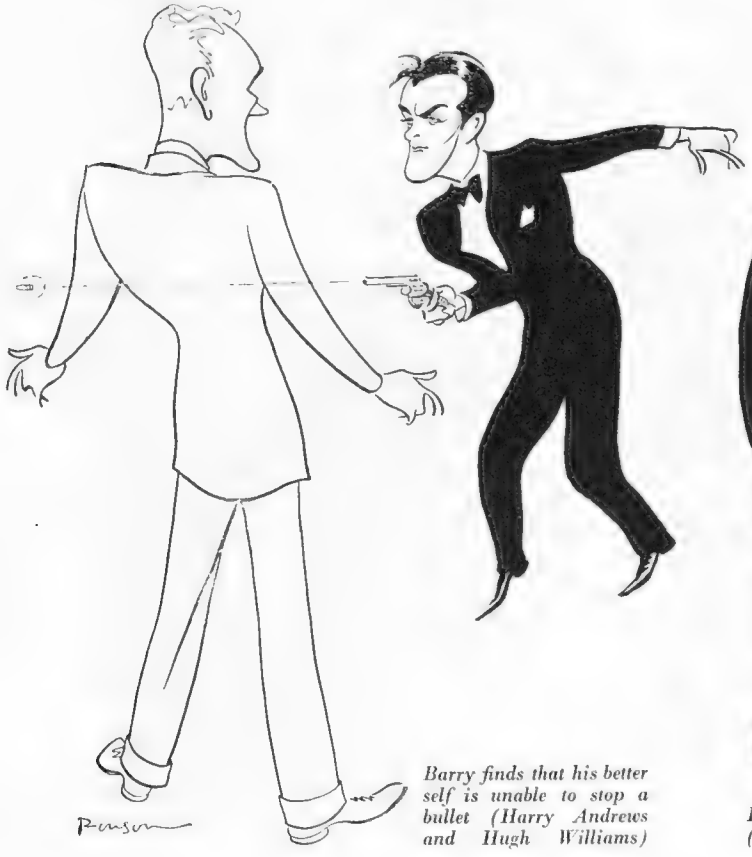
THE door, being opened, admits a party of four tourists, two men and two girls, who, seeking temporary sanctuary, cannot be denied, though they are not welcomed with open arms. There is something rather common about them, or so it appears at first; but as the second act progresses, it appears that there is something rather uncommon about them, and when, at the end of the second act, a pistol is fired point-blank three times at the heart of one of the visitors and he doesn't turn a hair, there can no longer be any doubt about it—the four visitors are the Better Selves of the author, the vamp, the husband, and the wife.

The wife puts her cheery side behind her (Adrianne Allen and Jill Esmond)

As a consequence of this, we get four scenes in which, by various means, Dorice Fordred, Jill Esmond, Harry Andrews, and Johnny Mills, each having a jolly good talk with his or her alter ego, induce a healthier frame of mind. Once you have got the hang of this, the going is as heavy as the sailing is plain—for what shall it profit a character if he gain his own soul and remain a puppet, which these people ineradicably are? We are, however, a little grateful that the blind secretary, being blind, has no better nature, though why this should be, or why he should not have a worser one, is a matter on which we are left unenlightened.

FOR the third act there is little left but to bring the husband and the wife together again, to pair the blind secretary off with the vamp whom he has always loved (which does, nevertheless, seem a waste of a vamp), and to divest the author of his wet blanket. The acting, as it should be in a play of this kind, is duly deedy. John Mills, as a kind of Cockney sprite, reveals himself once again as an unusually clever actor with the sort of individual charm we used to love in James Welch, of whom you have probably never heard. One leaves the Globe Theatre with a feeling that the supernatural and the psychological are not, perhaps, for Shaftesbury Avenue. There is something fashionable at the root of this play that makes it impossible to bear fruit.

Sketches by Rouson



Barry finds that his better self is unable to stop a bullet (Harry Andrews and Hugh Williams)

Face to face with his conscience (Ronald Ward and John Mills)

Scarlet woman is reproved by her virginal nature (Dorice Fordred and Ena Burrill)

Films of the Day

The French Head the List

By George Campbell

THREE of the new pictures, and by all odds the best, are French. This last is *Les Gens du Voyage*, a tale of French circus life full of exciting melodrama and tonic, acid humour. The skill with which the scenario writer has introduced and linked up a large number of characters, and Jacques Feyder's feat in developing atmosphere, character and conflict without once slowing down the action, make *Les Gens du Voyage* a model for the technician as well as a joy to the intelligent filmgoer. With the possible exception of *Dawn Patrol*, I have enjoyed nothing half so much since *Quai des Brumes*.

The central figure is the woman (Françoise Rosay) who handles what circus folk call cats—the lions and tigers. Miss Rosay took a month, she tells me, to learn to handle the whip: a small indication of that care for detail which makes the best French films as convincing as a documentary and as thrilling as an Old Bailey trial. The lion, she says, was easy—quiet and docile as an old sheep-dog. But the tigers—they were something else. Uncertain at best, restrained only by fear of the whip, they made her life during the shooting of the film one long ordeal, and it was no surprise when one of them sprang and badly lacerated her.

One of the human characters, now I come to think of it, has a bit of the tiger in her, too. She is fourteen, slim and immature and enchantingly pretty, with wide, ingenuous eyes, half-way between child and woman. But inside she is something out of Webster's Renaissance—a purring little devil full of lasciviousness, burning with jealousy for her older sister, lying maliciously to her father, her sister and her sister's fiancé until she has brought an innocent old man a beating-up for attempted rape and come near wrecking half-a-dozen lives. Fortunately the lion-tamer knows her type. A steely eye, a lash with a whip round her slim young legs, and for once she talks fast and talks straight; and the effect on the audience is almost as electrical as the breaking down of the venomous little liar in *These Three*.

Don't think *Les Gens du Voyage* is just a study in feminine depravity. On a wide, generously coloured canvas you see a dozen characters, all carefully and clearly drawn, whose lives make a pattern now amusing, now bizarre, but always enthralling to watch. The rather stupid young man, the escaped convict who finds temporary haven amongst these birds of passage on the road, the shallow, revengeful vamp—we have seen such people in American films a hundred times, without ever getting below the surface. They have remained cardboard figures, dragged out of the property room, photographed in two dimensions. In *Les Gens du Voyage* even such familiar figures are sharply differentiated in writing and playing; and the result is, they live.

"Les Gens du Voyage" is another triumph for Françoise Rosay, who plays a lion-tamer in this story of circus life; and Louise Carletti gives a pungent portrayal of a lascivious fourteen-year-old. Reviewed above: at the Academy

WITH *Marthe Richard au Service de la France* we come down to the conventional film world of espionage and counter-espionage, Prussian officers facing death without a tremor, heroic French girls prepared for what is described, by those who have never returned from the grave, as a Fate Worse Than Death. The heroine in this case is lucky. She is warned at the outset that she must be ready to Give All, but the Prussian master-spy in Spain is such a gentleman that she succeeds in extracting all his information while giving nothing in return, until at last the poor fellow is forced by failure to suicide, with a piano obbligato provided by himself. I need hardly say, since he is played by Erich von Stroheim, that this scene is extremely effective: so effective, in fact, that he wins your sympathy even though he has found it necessary to liquidate the lady's parents in Reel One.

Edwige Feuillère brings beauty, charm and intelligence to the role of the French spy; and the supporting players are all first-rate. Did I say all? I thought Mata Hari, represented as a murderous, sneering, hard-featured cocotte, was overplayed. I have it on Mme. Richard's authority that the famous dancer-spy did not really shoot her dupes in her dressing-room, as the film leads one to suppose, but actually was an ill-favoured creature of about forty-five; so perhaps the lesser libel can be forgiven.

THE third French film is a musical. *Trois Valses* is an airy romance of philandering through three generations, with the wealthy aristocrats of one family sedulously compromising the bourgeois actresses of the other. Or trying to, for it seems characters can't, like horses, be estimated by a glance at a table of sires and dams. One at least of the actresses is virtuous; and the latest of the de Chalenceys is just an insurance canvasser, who meets the film-star of the third generation only through an accident of his calling. He is offered a contract in a film based on the families' history, and the story ends—— But why not see it for yourself? It is worth a visit, if only for the mannered elegance of Pierre Fresnay and Yvonne Printemps' charm and impudent wit.

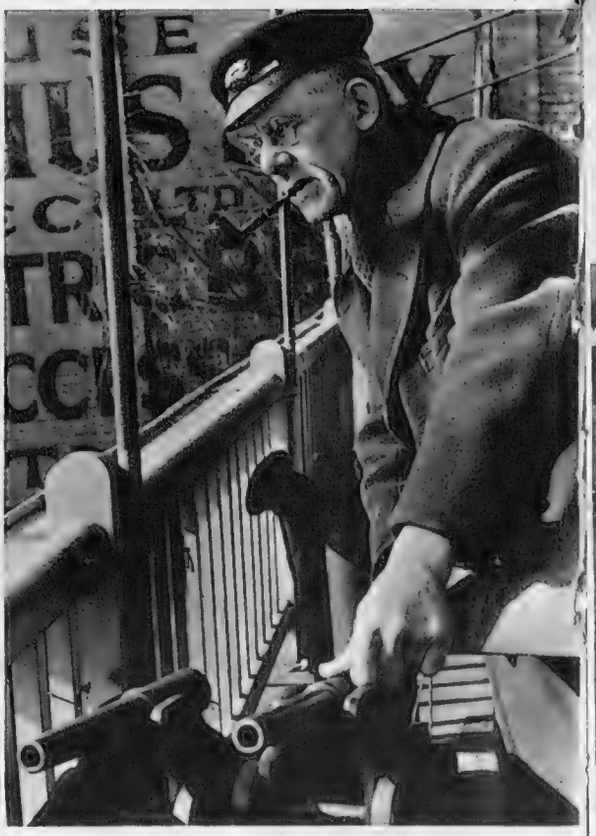
THE other new films can be dismissed briefly. See *Stand Up and Fight* if you 'd like a vigorous melodrama of the American South just before the Civil War, when some people were trying to run a railroad through the wilderness from Baltimore to Ohio, and others were running slaves from Virginia across the line to abolitionist Pennsylvania. (Or just cutting their throats.) *I Met a Murderer* is a gallant co-operative venture by Roy Kellino, the British cameraman, his wife (Pamela Ostrer) and James Mason, who decided to cut out studio costs and shoot the story entirely in the open air. I have seldom seen a sillier comedy than *Café Society*, starring Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll. And what can I say of *King of the Turf* except that it is a sporting melodrama with Adolphe Menjou, a stirring race scene and dialogue that would make a white horse turn chestnut with embarrassment?

Grace Moore (Légion d'Honneur) as Louise

France has adopted Grace Moore; it has awarded her the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur; it flocked to the Opéra to see her as Louise and now Jean Marguerite has made a film of Charpentier's opera. Entirely in French, it will be seen at the Carlton after *Stolen Life*. Grace Moore was last in England for a flying visit during the making of the film, when she gave a recital at the Albert Hall in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End. At the moment she is taking a rest in her villa in France

Mr. A. W. Skinner keeps warm with waders, shorts, reefer jacket and a mug of beer as he watches sails hauled in after a race for the Winter Trophy

Mrs. G. W. Harris is one of the club's enthusiastic women sailors. She is South African by birth, is a neighbour of A. P. Herbert in Hammersmith Terrace, upstream from the club



Mr. Horace Mason, the officer of the day, prepares to fire the ten-minute gun: races are started as usual by a ten-minute, a five-minute, and a go gun; the first three home also draw salutes

THE LONDON CORINTHIAN Sailing Club has its headquarters on an advantageous shoulder of the North bank of the Thames, in between two or three rowing clubs in Lower Mall, which runs upstream from Hammersmith Bridge. The club was founded in 1892, in 1894 took over the present premises from the Thames Sailing Club. There were then an odd score of members; now there are 110. Most of these are active, sailing their own boats and sailing them all the year round. Sixteen-foot L.C.s (the club's own class), fourteen-foot Internationals and twelve-foot Nationals are the most usual craft. Many of the men members are in the R.N.V.S.R., for the Thames reaches, gusty and with strong cross currents, provide an excellent training in handling watercraft. These pictures were taken this month during racing for the club's Winter Trophy

***Commodore and Harbourmaster** of the L.C.S.C. are respectively Mr. George Bull, son of the late Sir William Bull, M.P., and Mr. H. W. Panrucker. As usual, beer figures in the picture*

***Reefing** is in progress on the sixteen- and fourteen-footers on the club's pontoons. In the background is a fleet of swans: these don't trouble the sailors much, but ducks do—they are fond of roosting in the club's boats and leaving souvenirs of occupation*

All-the-Year Sailing on the Thames

The "Bystander" Visits the London Corinthian Sailing Club

Mr. E. C. Jennings, *secretary of the club, smokes, drinks and talks with Mrs. Magnus Pyke, wife of a bacteriologist and owner of one of the club's fourteen-footers. Mr. Jennings, we regret to say, is the owner of a motor boat*

Mr. A. P. Herbert *is vice-president of the L.C.S.C. and one of its early (pre-war) members. As well as his house-tub moored off Hammersmith Terrace he sails this little lugsail-rigged pram from the Lower Mall moorings* →

Hammersmith Terrace *is the background for this middle-of-the-race picture. The twelve-footer heading upstream has yet to turn round the buoy, the sixteen- and fourteen-footers beating back are on the home stretch. All Bermudan rigged, fully reefed in*

The club bar, *presided over by the steward and giving on to the pontoons, is popular after a cold March sail. Mr. A. P. Herbert sits in the light of the window*

"The Sleeping Princess"

The Ballet Which the King and Queen, the French President and Mme. Lebrun Will See To-night

Studies in action of the Aurora pas de deux, danced by Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann

Below: the finale of the pas de deux and two positions of the Princess Aurora's variation

Photographs by Anthony

The Awakening: Prince Charming finds Princess Aurora still spellbound in her long sleep

To-night at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann will dance their leading roles in *The Sleeping Princess* before the most distinguished company assembled to watch ballet since before the war. The King and Queen and their guests, the President of the French Republic and Mme. Lebrun, and members of the Royal Family will sit in a great Royal Box in the centre of the grand circle, with Ambassadors, Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, and their wives in two boxes on either side, and other guests will make the stalls glitter with uniforms, orders, medals, jewels, tiaras. Weeks of work have gone into transforming the auditorium, the entrance and the foyer into a splendid setting for this one evening. Just after 9.30 the curtain will go up on Act I. of *The Sleeping Princess*, greatest of all the great classical ballets produced at the Maryinsky Theatre, revived last month, with the Russian Sergueeff in charge of the choregraphy, at Sadler's Wells. Acts I. and III. are being given, and in Act III. is danced the Aurora pas de deux of which the action studies opposite were taken. It will strike many people as sad that Lilian Baylis should have died too soon to see the ballet company which she and Ninette de Valois created dance in such splendid circumstances, while the Old Vic sends a drama company touring Europe under the British Council's auspices. To-morrow, March 23rd, the Opera House will be open all day for the public to see the decorations, tapestries and flowers, proceeds of the shilling entrance fee to go to the Vic-Wells Ballet Fund and the Lilian Baylis Memorial (Sadler's Wells Extension) Fund

Anthony

Engaged: Lady Barbara Abney-Hastings

Less than a year after she came back from Munich to London for her first season, Lady Barbara Abney-Hastings has announced her engagement. Her fiancé is Walter Strickland Lord, son of the late Captain and Mrs. A. F. Lord, of Chudleigh, Devon. She is the eldest daughter of Major R. M. C. Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun, of Loudoun Castle, Galston, Ayrshire, and will be twenty in July. She and her sister, Lady Jean Abney-Hastings, came out together last year, were presented by their aunt, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, and shared a dance with two other debutantes. They have three younger sisters, and one brother, Lord Mauchline, who comes of age to-morrow

Pearl Freeman

Engaged: Lady Rosemary Eliot

Lady Rosemary Eliot's engagement to Edward Christian Frederick Nutting was announced two weeks ago. Both have their friends and interests in the hunting, racing, polo worlds. He is the second of the three sons of Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., and Lady Nutting, of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire, is in the Royal Horse Guards, and is twenty-two, two years older than his fiancée. His father has been Master of the Quorn since 1930. She is the elder daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans and Lady Blanche Douglas, a cousin of the present Earl and a niece of the Duke of Beaufort. Her mother, whose second husband, Capt. G. F. V. Douglas, died in 1930, lives at Manor Farm, Sherston, Wilts., and she and her two daughters hunt with her brother's hounds. Lady Kathleen Eliot, Lady Rosemary's younger sister, is a debutante this year

In Jamaica

Miss Frances MacLeod

Is of Scots-Canadian stock, was staying at the Casa Blanca Hotel in Jamaica. She is a landscape architect, trained at the celebrated Lowthorpe School in Boston. In Jamaica, she was doing water-colours of Montego Bay

Mr. and Mrs. John King Reckford

Mrs. Armitage and Capt. Topham

The couple above on the left are pencil "king" and "queen," he being chairman of the Venus Pencil Company; Mrs. Reckford was Aileen Trelfall. On the right are Mrs. Hugh Armitage—formerly Ruth Dunscombe, of Chicago—and "Tops" Topham, best-dressed man in Jamaica

Mrs. Riegal and Mrs. Lewis

The respective play-suits above are flowered linen and Nile green sharkskin. Mrs. Riegal is a cousin of the Du Ponts, armament manufacturers recently related by marriage to the Roosevelts

Capt. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick

The Gordon Kirkpatricks — left — are from Warwickshire. Last year they came to Casa Blanca and fell in love with it, so came again. His family claims descent from a companion of Robert the Bruce

Misses Robertson—Joan, Barbara, Pamela

The ten Robertsons are to Jamaica what the Kennedys are to U.S.A.—a family of good-lookers who cannot escape the cameras. Joan, Barbara and Pamela have four sisters—they are children of Mr. F. H. Robertson, head of the Jamaican Tourist Development Board, and Mrs. Robertson

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Of the many odd things which happened during last September's crisis, one of the oddest was that projected British Legion picnic to Czecho-Slovakia. Twelve hundred members of the Legion, you remember, were going to police that country, during the plebiscite which never came off, armed with walking-sticks, and were actually embarked and ready to sail when the Government wisely called the whole thing off, amid old-fashioned remarks from the disappointed old soldiers concerned. Even then it cost the British taxpayer £50,000, or £42 per volunteer, as was revealed in the House of Commons the other day. And even at the time those walking-sticks seemed to us a typically comic touch. Large numbers of chaps on both sides in the Czech plebiscite would naturally have been armed with guns, which the least thing would have started off, and pretty silly those Legion sportsmen would have looked dodging the shots and waving their walking-sticks at the combatants and urging them to play the game, we thought, sniggering. Cricket-bats would have been much more useful, as we suggested at the time to a chap in Whitehall; cricket-bats carried by County cricketers in pure white flannels, whose moral influence on the foreigners would have been overwhelming. "And if they got pipped?" asked this chap. To which the obvious reply was that that would have been just too bad.

It 's a curious Island superstition that there is something vaguely noble in being inadequately armed — like our police—in a crisis. In our odious view it 's a corollary of the superstition that fighting a duel with fists is more manly than fighting a duel with swords or guns. It may be more manly, for all we know, and it 's certainly much less dangerous.

Nuts in March

The Silly Season has started earlier this year, one of the Sunday papers having recently gone haywire over a new American book (Americans are always writing funny books) which declared on unimpeachable authority that Hitler died on September 29th, 1938, and that the present Hitler is one of his doubles. It doesn't seem to us very surprising to hit up a story like that. Every modern dictator employs doubles, and the rest follows naturally, whether true or suggested by wish-fulfilment. The most reasonable of the current "double" stories, anyway, concerns Old Big-Heart ("Pickwick") Stalin. Ward Price mentioned it recently, and we 'd also heard it before from a chap who knows a chap who, etc., etc. It is briefly to the effect—don't stop us if you 've heard it—that a doctor summoned to the Kremlin one night a little time ago was taken into a room containing six beds, each containing Stalin. It being impossible to distinguish between these, the doctor having prescribed for all of them, left none the wiser. There are obviously one or two flaws in the story and we don't think a doctor with a detective brain and access to a card-index would puzzle long; nor, at that, would Lord Peter Wimsey (who strictly between ourselves is a tiresome ass, though not quite so noxious a twirp as the ineffable Philo Vance). However, there s not much reason to doubt the ultimate truth of this story, for as Honest Abe Lincolnski truly said, you can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, and all the people all the time.

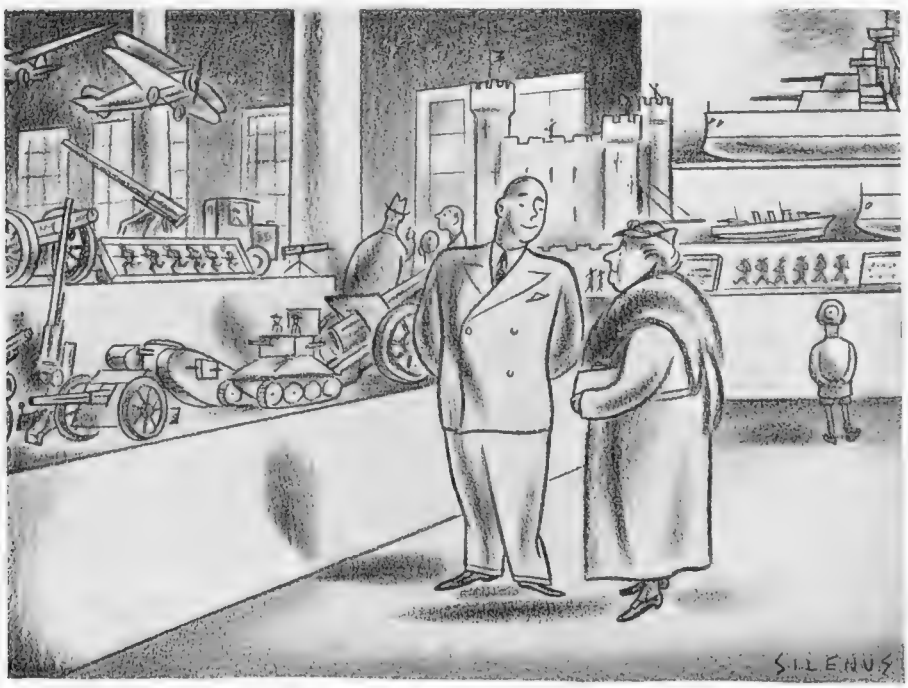
"Do come over here, it 's warmer"

It may well, incidentally, have been one of Hitler's doubles who handed a blonde American cutie a box of chocolates and a gold swastika for her dancing in Berlin the other day. A double would naturally get the tougher jobs.

Big Girl

Reichfrauenfuehrerin Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, Leader of German Womanhood and Ideal Nazi Woman, looked more worthy than ravishing to us when we saw her by chance stepping out of the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace during her recent three-day visit to confer with the Fitness Girls. Just a strong healthy serious Nordic female without make-up, silk stockings, or artificial allure, that 's Frau Scholtz-Klink, and though the type isn't our personal tea we can understand its appealing strongly to clergymen, social workers, and others. Possibly we 're suffering from a surfeit of massive girls, of whom London has been rather full lately, including the Women's Squash and Badminton Championship babies at Queen's Club, one of whom, from America, has been terrifying the populace with mystic roars of "Creeper!" and "Gah!" and "Ah-oo-oo!" whenever she fluffed a ball. Whether noisy whooping big girls are as fearsome as silent, grim big girls stamping along in column of fours with "Fitness Wins" embroidered on their muscly chests we haven't yet decided.

The Fitness Racket itself seems to be temporarily marking time, though gigantic mass-production schemes for making everybody in Great Britain fit and happy, including the under-nourished millions, are said to be preparing. Another thing perturbing us is the future of Slogger A. G. Macdonell, who can't play much more daily squash and "real" tennis at Prince's because they 're about to pull the place down, as chaps will. He still has his bicycle,



"No, Madam, I can assure you they 're all purely defensive"

of course, but the volcanic energy and herculean strength of the popular old roadster demands something more violent. Our own idea is to get him a couple of Fitness Girls to use for dumb-bells.

Let-Down

M.I.5 are justifiably annoyed, we gather, about those stolen defence-plans the other day. There was no mystery blonde mixed up in the theft, no new cipher to decode, no foreign Secret Service agents to trail, no cryptic message in invisible ink on pairs of old socks, no anything whatsoever for the M.I.5 boys to exercise their well-known virtuosity on. The attaché-case containing the plans was merely pinched from a waiting car in Harley Street by an ordinary thief, who would doubtless have preferred to find money or jewels. To present the super-sleuths of M.I.5 and the Yard with such a case is like summoning a titled surgeon from Cannes to carve a cold chicken. The only bit of Oppenheim atmosphere in the whole business was that even the C.I.D. weren't allowed to discover the identity of the peccant Air Ministry official from whose car the papers were stolen; but even this is Secret Service routine, nobody outside — even a Cabinet Minister — being permitted to know anybody inside.

We wish it were possible, since secret papers must be stolen now and again, to make all such cases worthy of M.I.5, a brilliant and subtle body of chaps who knocked the (alleged) terrible German Secret Service in the last War for a row of Bolivian ashcans. Ever since the reign of Elizabeth we've produced the finest spies in Europe, our Secret Service is unrivalled (and at the moment every third citizen you meet may be a member of it), and it would be only decent to stage these thefts accordingly.

Nature Note

GENERALS always die in bed (Old Saw) and numbers of them belonging to the pre- or Great War vintage, seem to have been doing it lately, we observe from the papers. Long years of retirement spent in golfing, gardening, presiding at village councils and opening bazaars and flower-shows must inevitably have softened and improved their characters, barring that type of general which, as Wilde's dowager said, is essentially a man of peace, except at home. The one or two we've lately met ourselves, dotted about the English countryside, have seemed amenable and even amiable, devoted to gentle pastoral and theological hobbies and omitting to stamp and glare and bellow; a refreshing change (as we happen to know, having been bawled out as often as anybody) from their wartime habit. Though it's always folly to generalise. The average Prussian General, you would say, is the accepted type of the military thick-necked close-cropped roaring bully; yet in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* Arnold Zweig portrays General Von Lychow, a member of the military Junker Caste, as a man of extreme charm, courtesy, kindliness, and honour. Which reminds us that this is undoubtedly the finest (barring one) of all novels or near-novels inspired by the late War, the best of all being David Jones's *In Parenthesis*, which won the Hawthornden; the best short story of the war being C. E. Montague's blasting, brilliant satire on the Staff-wallah called *Honours Easy*.

One odd thing about the retired British General in our experience is that whenever he rules a village you hardly ever find a Pub-Major in it. All British pubs have their Major, affable and ever open to having just a quick one, old boy, with anybody; but we've never yet found a Major of this type in the same village with a General. There may be other kinds of Major, quiet, reserved sallow types pottering round with trowels and rook-rifles, but the breezy Pub-Major is missing. We have no theories about this, merely calling the attention of natural history lovers to a curious fact and defying them to contradict us.

Enigma

LORD MAUGHAM'S passing reference in a recent address to the Campden Wonder made us look up this curious case again. In 1660 the Perrys, mother and two sons, were hanged for the murder of Lady Campden's steward, to which one of the sons confessed, accusing the other two, who denied it. A couple of years after the triple hanging William Harrison, the missing steward, turned up with a mysterious yarn of having been abducted to Turkey, and ever since then the Campden Wonder, a chaotic murky tangle, has engaged the attention of criminal-problem fans, including Andrew Lang, who thinks Harrison was spirited away for political reasons, Arthur Machen, who suggests the whole story as told in pamphlets in the Harleian Miscellany is an invention, since none of the Assize records can be traced, and the present Poet Laureate, who made a play out of the Wonder without suggesting any solution. The chief snag to us seems to be that the three "murderers"—one of them doubtless crazy—were condemned and executed without anyone's producing the body; but stranger things have happened in the sphere of Justice than that.

Another historic enigma is the case of the famous Mr. "Janus" Wainwright, Lamb's friend, who poisoned a lady because (he pleaded) he couldn't bear her thick ankles. No authority has ever been able to explain why a jury of twelve citizens belonging to the most art-loving nation in the world ever convicted Mr. Wainwright for this piece of legitimate criticism.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Would it make you think differently, dear, if I won the 3.30?"

Women in the News

Mrs. R. S. Hudson Does Her Packing

The wife of the Secretary of the Department for Overseas Trade had already started packing for Berlin when it was announced that the Anglo-German trade talks were cancelled. She and her husband were leaving with Mr. Oliver Stanley last Thursday. However, the arrangements for their visits to Warsaw and Moscow still stood, the talks in those capitals having become even more important after Hitler's destruction of Czechoslovakia

Louise Rainer Looks for a Play

The Austrian film-star arrived in London last week from Hollywood. She is over on holiday but only until she finds a play in which to appear here

Studio Party for Joanna Venetia Invicta Stevenson

Mrs. Robert Stevenson took her daughter to Ealing Studios for her first birthday party and one-candled cake. Mrs. Stevenson, as Anna Lee, is working in a film called "Young Man's Fancy," which her husband is directing

Myra Hess Arrives from America

Myra Hess, the pianist, came back after her concert tour of America to give a recital last Saturday in aid of the Lord Baldwin Fund for Refugees. The Fund will have thousands of new refugees to deal with as soon as escape from Czechoslovakia is possible

Daphne Walker, the new fourteen-year-old English skating star, left for America last week. In January she was third in the British Championship and in Prague in February she was third, after Megan Taylor and Hedi Stenuf (U.S.A.), in the Women's World Figure-Skating Championship

Daphne Walker Leaves for America

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Snub

THE D.A.R. has at last managed to make itself ridiculous even to itself. It has been ridiculous to most of us for a long time. Certain well-upholstered elderly ladies have appointed themselves the guardians of patriotism and have taken out an option on the whole field of the American Revolution.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have refused to allow Marian Anderson to give a concert in their Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C. Miss Anderson is a very fine artist who happens to be a negress. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt promptly resigned from the D.A.R., and other resignations will follow. Following the D.A.R., the Washington school board refused the use of its buildings for the concert.

You can't say all you want to on the radio, but Ted Cott managed to say all that was necessary when he played Marian Anderson recordings on New York's municipal radio station, speaking of her as "a negress, a great artist and citizen of the United States, whose capital is Washington, D.C."

Snob

I ALWAYS chortle with glee when I remember the Daughter up in New England who told me about her pilgrimages to old graveyards, hunting up more ancestors who had fought in the Revolution. "Why do you need so many?" I asked, innocently enough. "Then I can have more stripes," she said proudly. "Dear me," I answered, "I reckon I could have about eight, then, since so many of my ancestors fought in the Revolution" (in a very Southern drawl, just to be annoying). At first I thought she was going to say it could not be so, and then she cried: "I never think of the South as having *anything* to do with the American Revolution!"

Seems like the D.A.R. ought to read up on American history.

Bund

THE D.A.R. ladies frequently scream about the Communist menace—like the old maid who looks under the bed and is disappointed to find no one there—and now they begin to sound far too sympathetic to the Bund, with its talk about "white Gentile Americans," as the only ones who count.

The Bund had such a good time celebrating Washington's birthday they now announce they are taking over the Fourth of July for another demonstration. Pretty soon Americans will have to celebrate Guy Fawkes Day just to have something of their own. Mayor La Guardia has decreed that no more meetings will be policed by private armies in uniform.

Clean-up

WE all stood up and cheered at the news that the General Sessions jury had found Tammany leader, James J. Hines, guilty of participating in the operation and profits of "Dutch" Schultz's crooked-policy racket. It is cheering to see democracy cleaning house, particularly in New York City. Maybe this means the end of Tammany—maybe. But certainly it means that District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who got the conviction, takes a big leap ahead as the Republican Party's white hope for the 1940 presidential elections. And that would be a sorry kettle of fish, my children.

Discovery

TOSCANINI made musical history at his last concert, giving the first performance in America—perhaps in the world—of the original version of the third act prelude to *Tannhauser*. This had been discovered in the Library of Congress and rushed to New York, with copyists working all night and Toscanini learning the score in less than twenty-four hours. For a concert this version seems better, anticipating the music of the opera narrative, but Wagner's instinct to use the shorter version in the opera seems sound.

New Play

THIS town rang with joy when it appeared that the delicious, hypnotic and maddening Tallulah has finally found a play that is worthy of her. Thus ending a search begun in 1931, when Miss Bankhead came home from England to appear in a succession of failures. The successful vehicle is Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, which many think a more honestly moving play than her *The Children's Hour*.

The opening night was one of the few really dazzling opening nights, with society and stars of screen and stage turning out for it. The carriage trade continues, with ermine coats and orchids-on-the-evening-bags. Last night the First Lady was in the audience.

The Little Foxes is superbly cast and tightly, brilliantly written. A study of an avaricious Southern family at the turn of the century, with Tallulah the most unscrupulous of all. She makes the part of Regina a fine orchestration of emotions, a detestable woman whom you cannot hate. Patricia Collinge as Birdie wrings your heart when she tells you how she happened to marry into this family. There is a superb curtain when, after a violent family scene witnessed by the young daughter, the quiet voice of the coloured Mammy is heard, speaking to the child, saying: "Come out of this room."

Some of the critics find social significance in this story of a money-mad family, but it is something more important—a tense and vivid study of character. London should be seeing *The Little Foxes*, but we'd like to keep Miss Bankhead, if you don't mind. All of a sudden she seems to know what she is doing, and instead of being merely beautiful and valiant, she is crisp and sure and wonderful.

Old Opera

OVER at the Martin Beck, the beloved D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is winding-up a most successful nine-and-a-half-weeks' season. Full houses, standees, and tremendous applause of the Savoyards. No need to tell Londoners about the D'Oyly Carte, but I may as well tell you that New York is pretty crazy about these skilled and charming performers, as well as about what they have to perform. There has been a little petulant muttering because they would not give *Patience* as many times as we wanted, but no other complaints.

From New York they go to Philadelphia for three weeks, Washington and New Haven for a week, and to Boston for a final month before they leave us for London. Next week I'll have something to tell about the newest Gilbert and Sullivan craze—*The Mikado*, both "swung" and "hot."

Dorothy Wilding

***Gladys Cooper** is in New York playing in the Irish comedy, "Spring Meeting" which ended its run in London a week or two back. She plays the part which Zena Dare took over here*

***First prize** for the prettiest girl at El Morocco went to June Cox, as reported in the New York Letter two weeks ago. Here she is with her 100-dollar cheque, Franchot Tone (right), who escorted her that evening, and cartoonist Peter Arno, one of the men-about-town judges*

***Dancing** with young Winthrop Rockefeller, grandson of the late John D. Rockefeller, was Mary Martin, who spent her winter evenings in Cole Porter's "Leave It To Me." Its successful run ended recently*

Night and Day on the Riviera

Night : Les Ambassadeurs

The dinner couple at Les Ambassadeurs at Monte Carlo are Lord and Lady Inchcape, who may usually be seen together in the right place at the right time. He is the son of the first P. and O. peer ; Lady Inchcape, his second wife, is the eldest daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak

Night : the Sporting Club

Louise Macnamara is the socialite daughter of a well-known New York industrialist, has embarked on a career as Louise Duke, has her own band in New York. Here, singing to Eddie Summerville's band in Monte Carlo's Sporting Club. She hopes to make London this season

Day : an After-Lunch Stroll

The quartet of after-lunch strollers in the Monte Carlo sun are Lord Annesley, the eighth Irish peer of his line, Captain and Mrs. George Repton and Mrs. John Barnard ; perhaps they were discussing Field-Marshal Goering's incognito visit to Monaco, and its import, if any

Day : Before-Lunch Strollers in Monte Carlo

Mrs. Woolley Hart was on her way to lunch at the Country Club. She and her husband have recently bought new property near Grasse, behind Cannes

Baron and Baronne Patrick Surcouf were coming from a shopping expedition. He is French resident at Laos, Indo-China. She is Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Singer's daughter. They have two children

Day : Honeymooners in their Hotel Garden

Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles were on honeymoon at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo. She was Ann de Trafford before their big wedding at Brompton Oratory last month, is the daughter of Sir Humphrey and the Hon. Lady de Trafford ; he is Mr. Eustace Parker Bowles' son

Point-to-Points and Meets

In England and Ireland

Watching a Wiltshire Race

Lady Cranley, Mrs. Gerald Wills, Caroline Wills and Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson were at the South and West Wilts. fiftieth anniversary point-to-point at Kingston Deverill. Lady Cranley and her husband live in Dorset. Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson comes from Westmorland

Viscountess Weymouth and Her Sons

Lady Weymouth and her sons were also at the South and West Wilts. meeting. Alexander will be seven in May, Christopher, in horsey checks, is two years younger

Miss Diana Buxton

Miss Buxton was at Windmillhill for the Bonafide Military Meeting which was held in brilliantly sunny weather. She has a younger sister, Judith, on the debutante list this year

In Ireland—Members and Guests at the Limerick Meet at Adare Manor

Lieut.-Com. Peter FitzGerald and Major Waller are both well known with the Limerick. Commander FitzGerald now runs the well-known Mondellihy Stud established by his father, the late Peter FitzGerald

Miss Ann Hickman was over from Co. Waterford, where she is Master of the West Waterford. The Hon. Christopher Furness has been joint-Master of the Limerick since 1936

The Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin and his two younger daughters, Pamela and Mollie, were staying with his father at Adare Manor when the Limerick met there. He is the Earl of Dunraven's son, and lives in London. His daughter, Ursula, is one of this year's most attractive debutantes

Lady George Scott

Was also at the soldiers' meeting at Windmillhill. Her husband's regiment, the 13th Hussars, had a race of their own on the card. She was Molly Bishop before her marriage last December

Lady Susan Seymour

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset's only daughter came over to Salisbury Plain from her home, Maiden Bradley. She is with Mr. Fitzgerald

Whaddon Chase Family Party

Mr. Philip Kindersley won the Whaddon Chase's Open Nomination race for the sixth year running on his horse Michael at the point-to-point at Nash. Above he is with his wife, his son and daughter, Gay and Tessa, and her son, Julian Brougham. Below are Mrs. Anthony Eden and Lady Rosebery at the same meeting. Lord Rosebery has been Master of the Whaddon Chase since 1923

Mrs. Anthony Eden, the Countess of Rosebery

Irish M.F.H., Host's Son, and Guest

Mr. John Alexander is joint-Master of the Limerick with Christopher Furness; they each hunt hounds two days a week. Viscount Adare is Lord Dunraven's elder son, lives with his American wife at Kilgobbin, near Adare Manor. With them was Miss G. Moorish

In Warwickshire—Mr. and Mrs. Dunne

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne took their small daughter on her pony to the Warwickshire meet at Gaydon End, after which there was a very good day's hunting. Philip Dunne was joint-Master of the Warwickshire for several seasons, with Lord Willoughby de Broke

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Round and Round

Some counties really do devise refined cruelties for their players. A cold day, with wind at almost gale force, may, of course, happen to anybody at any time, though a date in early March is rather asking for trouble. But imagine the sufferings of four players per club—longish handicaps to boot, since those who have played for their club's first team are debarred—sent out to do a medal round over eighteen holes, with no remote chance of tearing up, since those four net scores, no more and no less, have to count for the club's aggregate!

Berkshire players must be an intrepid lot, for that is how their inter-club shield is decided. It used to be a scratch event; then, Calcot invariably winning, it was changed to a handicap one. Calcot still win pretty often, and were the holders when the clubs set out to battle on that bitter, blowy day at Maidenhead. But this time Temple were too strong for them, not merely by the one paltry shot which had put Calcot first and Temple second in 1938, but by a good hearty fifteen strokes—347 to 362. From which, if your arithmetic is equal to the occasion, you may infer that scoring was not too good. However, everyone kept admirably cheerful; Miss Mosenthal played well for the winners; Mrs. West had some brilliant moments; and at that let us leave it. Who else would have played better, at that moment, under such searching conditions?

Spring, on the other hand, had at least one foot over the threshold two days later at Wentworth, when Surrey II. beat Hants II. by the odd match, and that at the nineteenth hole. It was worth being there, if only to hear the woodpeckers answering each other, and to see the shimmer on the silver birches, and, in addition, there was some really promising golf played by Miss Ruth Beasley, at Hampshire's head, and Miss Joan Negretti, not far from Surrey's tail—where it seems unlikely she will stay for long. Miss Jean Kerr, who leads Surrey, may develop into something better than either of them, once she has got over multiple doses of 'flu, and has assimilated Robson's sound teaching; but a transitional stage between two methods is always difficult, and Miss Beasley's many par figures were too much for Miss Kerr that day.

To Wentworth this page must return in a moment, but meantime it is impossible to receive Sutton's golf course catalogue and pass it by in silence. You may be repulsed by the picture of the leather-jacket grubs, or the habits of earth-worms; I defy you to look at the pictures of County Louth course, of Estoril, Portugal, of Royal Porthcawl, of Radlett, of Darjeeling (with Kinchinjunga in the background), without wishing to visit all of them, calling down blessings meanwhile on the head of Sutton and other benefactors of turf who have made golf so delightful a game in all parts of the world on all types of soil.

London Foursomes, over the West Course at Wentworth, broke new ground for a big women's event. The first two rounds left us entirely undecided who would win, or even who ought to win. To be quite truthful, this West Course, fine though it is, does not give the same test of women's golf as the East, where the Bystander Spring Medal, and the Club's own scratch open foursomes will be played the first week in June. At this time of year, any really determined pair can get fives, and even the best cannot be sure of getting fours. For the men, one fancies it is otherwise.

On the whole, the standard of play was not very good; there were some surprises the first day, which is always fun, and greatly for the good of every event, encouraging the lesser clubs to come and have a tilt—often successfully—at the great ones. Old Fold Manor, represented by Miss Reeves and Mrs. Batson, tilted so successfully against Camberley Heath, that they beat them on the last green. But it is Miss Palmes and Miss Chambers who win and run-up for Camberley; Miss Gourlay and Miss Chambers never seem to get going well together, and they certainly did not that afternoon. If one hardly feels Old Fold Manor will go on winning, they certainly did enough for fame that afternoon. Hadley Wood, too, did sound work, Mrs. Eberstein and Mrs. Armitage Smith beating Stanmore in the morning,

Ladies' London Foursomes

Pam Barton appears to have found Wentworth cold for the London foursomes there. She represented Royal Mid-Surrey with Mrs. C. Armstrong (left) and they won the event

in spite of Miss Jacqueline Gordon's big hitting, and Chislehurst in the afternoon. Royal Mid-Surrey did what was to be expected of Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Armstrong—who holds Bystander Autumn Foursomes with Miss Joy Winn. And there were some critics fancying that Worplesdon, with Miss Falkner and Miss Negretti, might go along, though they were very bravely tackled in the morning by Cuddington. For the latter, Mrs. Uber's good second shots gave ample reason why she holds the Bystander Yearly Cup at this minute.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

Conditions and entry form will be found on page viii of this issue.

Mrs. A. A. H. Gilligan and Mrs. S. V. Hicks represented Roehampton, reached the final to lose by a hole to Royal Mid-Surrey

Mrs. A. Gold and Miss A. Scott represented Beaconsfield in the London foursomes, were Royal Mid-Surrey's victims in the semi-finals

Sunningdale, represented by Miss N. Gibbons and Mrs. John Gage, were put out in the semi-final stage by Roehampton, by 6 and 5

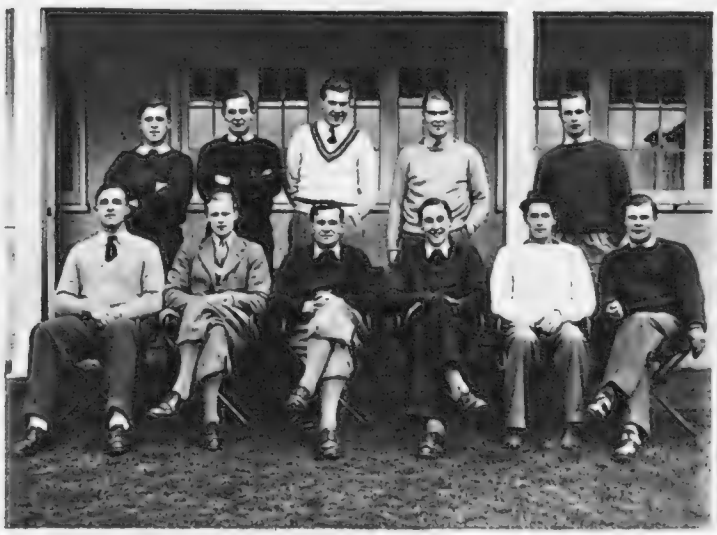
Cambridge Beat Oxford at Eton Fives

Cambridge Beat Oxford at Rackets

The annual intervarsity Eton fives match was played at Queen's Club with a resultant 2—1 win for Cambridge. The teams, seen together in this group, were: Oxford—J. K. G. Webb (Balliol), J. S. G. Lee (Magdalen), C. M. O'Brien (Ch. Ch.), P. Sale (Oriel), T. P. E. Barlow (Trinity), W. P. Shovelton (Keble); Cambridge—A. P. Cox (Jesus), A. C. S. Gimson (Clare), F. F. T. Barnardo (Magdalene), M. J. Adler (Magdalene), G. D. Lane (Trinity), D. L. Curling (Magdalene)

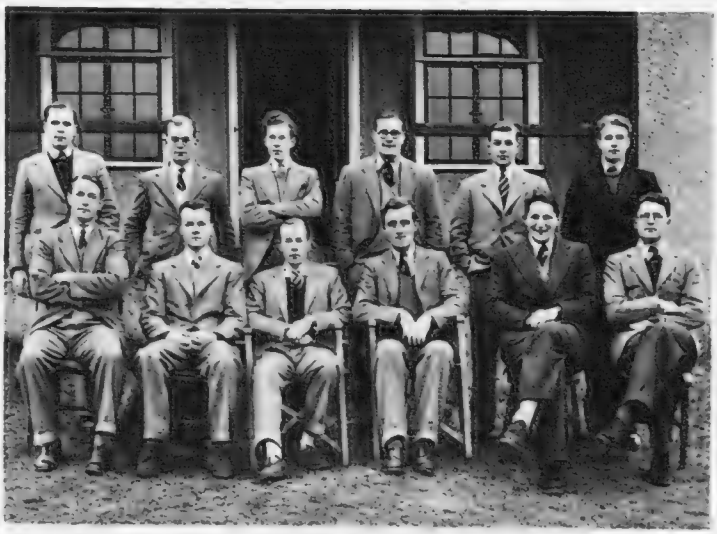
University Sportsmen

The Hon. Morys Bruce (Winchester and New College) and T. H. Read (Winchester and B.N.C.) took a bad beating in the intervarsity rackets match from their Cambridge opponents, R. A. A. Holt (Harrow and King's) and P. D. Manners (Malvern and Pembroke). They gained no game in either singles or doubles and gave Cambridge their first win since 1936. Both Holt and Manners are Freshmen, so Oxford will have trouble for the next two years, it seems



The Oxford Golf Team at Sandwich

Back row, left to right: G. W. E. Ray (Uppingham, Exeter), A. S. Gilbey (Harrow, Brasenose), R. O. Wynn (Glasgow Academy, Jesus), F. M. Forster (Wellington, Trinity), J. R. Briggs (Charterhouse, New College); (front row) S. Pether (Magd. Coll. Sch., St. Peter's Hall), T. C. Harvey (Radley, Balliol), J. C. Lawrie (Winchester, Brasenose) (captain), C. B. Walker (Rossall, Corpus), D. H. Garrow (Winchester, Trinity), R. C. Twining (Eton, Ch. Ch.); absent, A. J. B. Marsham (Eton, Ch. Ch.)



The Cambridge Golf Team at Sandwich

Back row, left to right: J. R. Cater (Watson's, Jesus), R. B. Booth (Stowe, Pembroke), A. G. Buchanan (Stowe, Trinity), B. D. Carris (Harrow, St. John's), G. L. Reynolds (Cheltenham, Pembroke), N. B. F. Mann (Michaelhouse, South Africa, and Caius); (front row) W. H. Halstead (St. Bees, Emmanuel), S. G. Dalley (Hamilton, Ontario, and Emmanuel), J. D. A. Langley (Stowe, Trinity) (captain), W. S. I. Whitelaw (Winchester, Trinity), R. B. How (Eton, Trinity), E. S. Browne (St. Bees, Clare)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A New Competition

THE Royal Wimbledon Golf Club is promoting a new form of golf competition. It is an inter-club putting competition and will be held at the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club during the week commencing 26th June, 1939, and subsequent days, the Finals being played on Friday, 30th June.

The conditions of play are as follows:—

1. Clubs will be represented by a team (or teams) of four players (of amateur status) whose entries must be received through the secretary of their club.
2. Teams will be drawn into divisions of six, and on each evening those teams will play every other team of that division on the American tournament principle (i.e., No. 1 player of "A" team v. No. 1 player of "B," "C," "D," and "E" teams.
   No. 2 player of "A" team v. No. 2 player of "B," "C," "D," and "E" teams, etc. (Each playing his opposite number in every team.) The winning team in each division will qualify to compete in the semi-finals on the evening of Friday, 30th June.
3. The competition will commence each evening at 5.30 p.m., and clubs will be notified of the day and time on which their team (or teams) will be required to play.
4. The number of entries will be limited at the discretion of the Committee. Entrance Fee, 10s. per team of four players, must be sent with entry form. Entries close on 15th June.
5. Scoring in each individual game will be by points: two points for a win and one point for a halved match. In the event of two or more teams having tied on points each team will nominate one player to play off—by match play if two teams tie or by medal round if more than two teams tie.
6. Competitors will be made temporary members of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club on the day they compete, and may play on the course during the day without introduction or payment of the usual green fee. The Putting Course will be open for practice each day from 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.
7. Suppers will be available on giving twenty-four hours' notice.

The 18 Holes Putting Course of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club covers approximately an acre of slightly undulating green. There are no "freakish" holes and the course will be laid out to give a fair test of putting.

THE condition that golf clubs can enter more than one team will make the task of the selectors of teams a little less perplexing, and I have no doubt that, if four friends, all members of the same club, wish to form a team, the committee of their club will have no objection to their doing so. It will be very interesting to see what grade of player will be selected for the first team of the large golf clubs, which possess a considerable number of golfers handicapped at about scratch. I wonder, also, if anyone with a really large handicap will be selected to represent his club. I feel sure there are quite a large number of exceptionally good putters, who are either so short or so bad through the green that they rarely have a chance of showing their prowess on the green to advantage.

THE Royal Wimbledon teams will have a great advantage, as local knowledge is every bit as important on a putting course as it is when a full round is being played.

The Royal Wimbledon Golf Club possesses, as members, a large number of elderly gentlemen who have retired from business and who are thus able to play on the putting course every day. The Royal Wimbledon Golf Club has a competition for veterans every year, and the entry for this competition is easily the largest I know of for a competition of this sort.

As play in the putting competition does not start until 5.30 p.m., and as supper can be obtained in the club-house, business should not be responsible for many absentees. It will be, I imagine, even more nerve-racking to play in a team match on a putting course than on a full-length course, as the members of each team will be able to see each other play nearly every shot. There is no doubt whatsoever that occasions will be numerous when a man will have a putt of about four feet to save his side. This competition should certainly be great fun for the players, their supporters and the other spectators.

The Royal Navy G.S. Beat West Sussex in a Foursomes Match, 10—6

J. S. Stephenson and F. G. Mirfield played top pair for the home club on the Saturday, lost one match by 3 and 1, won the other by 4 and 3

Comdr. J. P. Gornall and Comdr. J. R. Johnson, of the R.N. and R.M.G.S., were the first victims of the pair on the left. They halved, lost and won their other three matches

Gerard Fairlie and Capt. W. A. Roscow played together for West Sussex, won a match, lost another, halved two. Between them is their captain, Admiral J. M. Casement

Surgeon Lt. N. Parry and Surgeon Lt. M. Heugh, a naval medical pair, played together on the Saturday, won one of their matches, halved the other with Roscow and Fairlie (left)

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Gardener's Chronicle

Trees and Shrubs of the Moment

By R. C. Jenkinson

Old Favourites

It is the custom not only of this but of every decade to treasure and admire something new and rare at the expense of old favourites. But some of us at least admire a plant for its own intrinsic beauty, not merely because we can boast possession of it before our neighbour has secured it. And our neighbour may be wise, for too often a much-lauded swan has, on closer acquaintance, to be relegated to the common herd of geese. Only large gardens can give place to old friends and all the host of newcomers. Therefore it is imperative that those of us who have moderate-sized gardens should select most carefully what we put into them.

The tree of the moment is the common almond. Wherever you go you will see it flaunting its beauty in town and country alike with the utmost abandon. The leafless branches are studded with little carmine buds and lovely soft, pink open flowers sitting stalkless on the twigs. Like most of these early-flowering trees, it is best planted with a background of evergreens, for one can always walk under the tree on a sunny day to get the flowers against blue sky.

A few days later, and a small-growing tree, there is the purple-leafed form of the common sloe, Prunus spinosa var. purpurea. The flowers are about as big as those of may, pale pink, on half-inch stalks. They appear in ones and twos up and down the whole length of the slender branchlets of this extremely elegant and charming little tree.

The cornelian cherry is no cherry but was presumably so named because of its bright red fruits: it is, in fact, a member of the dogwood family, Cornus Mas. It makes a rounded bush of eventually some twenty feet and is freely sprinkled just now with little pale yellow buttons on leafless stems. It has been grown in this country for hundreds of years, and while it cannot compare with the golden blaze of Forsythia it is an indispensable early spring flowerer.

Those who garden on limeless soils can easily grow what used to be called Andromeda-Pieris japonica, an attractive evergreen with sprays of white flowers at this season, just like hanging lilies-of-the-valley. Little bushes of two feet carry a few flowers, but from big mature plants one may cut a vaseful without missing them. It is happiest in half-shade, with a cool root-run.

Two evergreen Berberis are of first-class value at this time of year. Both belong to the Mahonia section of this large family, and have pinnate leaves—that is to say, each leaf is divided into five or more leaflets. The earlier of the two is called B. japonica var. hyemalis (or, improperly, Bealei); it makes a dense bush with fine leaves 12 to 18 inches long, while the racemes of flowers, instead of being upright as in the type, are carried horizontally from the ends of the shoots and are twice as long, up to 9 inches. The flowers are pale yellow cups, most deliciously scented. The other, at its best in early April, is a variety of B. aquifolium called undulata. It grows quite quickly, up to 12 feet or more, and has bright, dark glossy leaves of five or seven leaflets. The flowers are bright yellow borne on short uprights all over the bush, and at its season I know of no better evergreen, indestructibly hardy and most beautiful.

Heaths

Everyone knows, and most people grow, the two winter-flowering heathers, Erica camea in its various-named varieties, and E. mediterranea hybrida (of which the best form is, perhaps, one called "Brightness"). But whether it is that they are not known, or their hardiness not appreciated, I know not: too few gardens can show groups of the various tree heaths. We have come through a searching winter of wet, frost, and snow; and while the last has taken its toll of a few branches, the plants have survived the ordeal admirably.

White, honey-scented E. arborea, beloved of bees, grows 10 feet high in sheltered gardens, and when out in flower is a pillar of emerald-green fur. Dwarfen and bushy, E. mediterranea becomes a mauve mass, delightfully fragrant and the hardiest of all. E. Veitchii is a vigorous white-flowered hybrid, while Mr. Robert is the snow-white form of E. australis. It comes from the mountains behind Algeciras, and it is surprising that it and the type, also from southern Spain, are hardy with us. This year Mr. Robert is in flower now and australis will be out in a fortnight. The latter is generally in full beauty about mid-May; its flowers are warm, rosy-purple, and where all are good, this is my favourite tree-heath.

One could make a planting of much charm on a sloping bank by using these tree heaths in small clumps amongst a groundwork of Erica carnea and mediterranea, with common gorse, and Magnolia stellata, with its lovely velvet-white strap-shaped petals. Avoid the dirty-pink form, misnamed rosea.

And there might be a spreading patch, in a shady section of the bank, of the King's garland flower, Daphne blagayana, a March-bloomer with scented, creamy-white flowers, and, of course, the common purple Daphne, D. Meyereum.

Corylopsis, too, should grace this bit of garden. Close cousin to the hazels, it has similarly shaped leaves, but smaller and daintier. There are several species, all with flowers cool sulphur-yellow carried in hanging spikes, short or longer, scented. They grow from 6 up to 15 feet tall and are a most graceful and attractive family of early shrubs.

Then I would plant polyanthus, blue grape hyacinths, and the earlier daffodils, with anemone blanda, all over the place.

Rhododendrons

Those who live on limestone or in cold, windy gardens, don't read this. But for some of us who are more fortunate, the rhododendron begins on January 1 and continues till August.

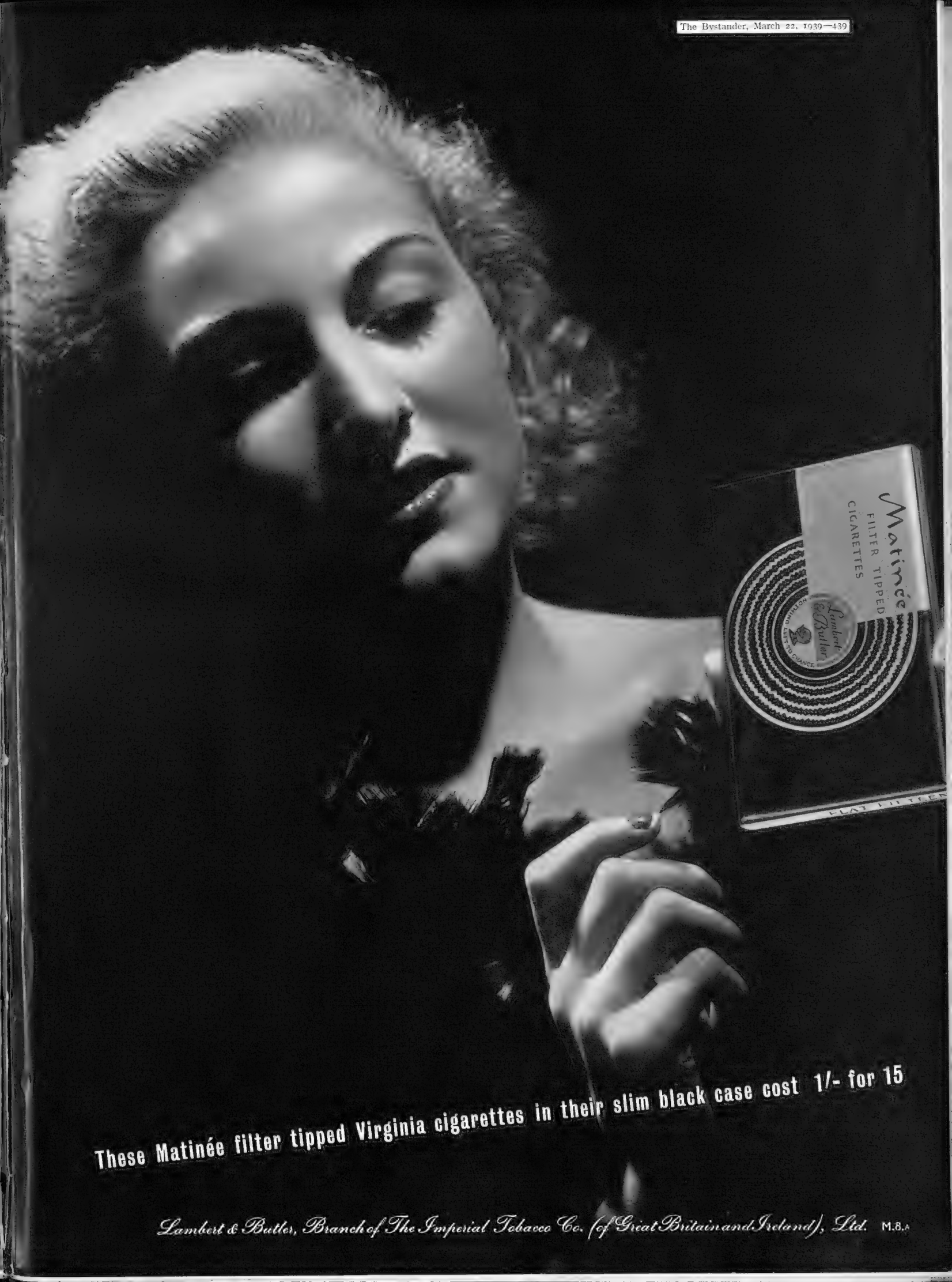
Rh. nobleanum, raised at Knaphill as long ago as 1832, may well start the list: one of the first hybrids, from the Himalayan Rh. arboreum crossed with Rh. caucasicum from Georgia, it is slow-growing, very hardy and early, either bright pink or white, preceding its famous parent, arboreum, by many weeks.

Præcox is another old hybrid, with rosy-mauve flowers. If the first batch are spoilt by frost, the second crop will succeed, It grows some 8 to 10 feet high, and its earliness would naturally suggest a fairly sheltered position. One of its parents, Rh. ciliatum, from Sikkim, is really remarkably hardy, a dwarf shrub, with hairy leaves and pink buds which open in March or April to bell-shaped white flowers.

Then there is sutchuenense, from China, of rigia haki, its pale green leaves carried stiffly in rosettes like a star-fish. It has big trusses of white or pale pink flowers, with a dark inner blotch, bell-shaped, and very beautiful: give it a half-shady place in open woodland, where the ten-inch leaves cannot be blown to bits, and each March you will have to take a daily walk to watch it coming out and admire it.

Blanche Henrey

***Pieris japonica** is an attractive evergreen with sprays of white flowers at this season, just like hanging lilies of the valley. From big mature plants one may cut a vaseful without missing them*



These Matinée filter tipped Virginia cigarettes in their slim black case cost 1/- for 15

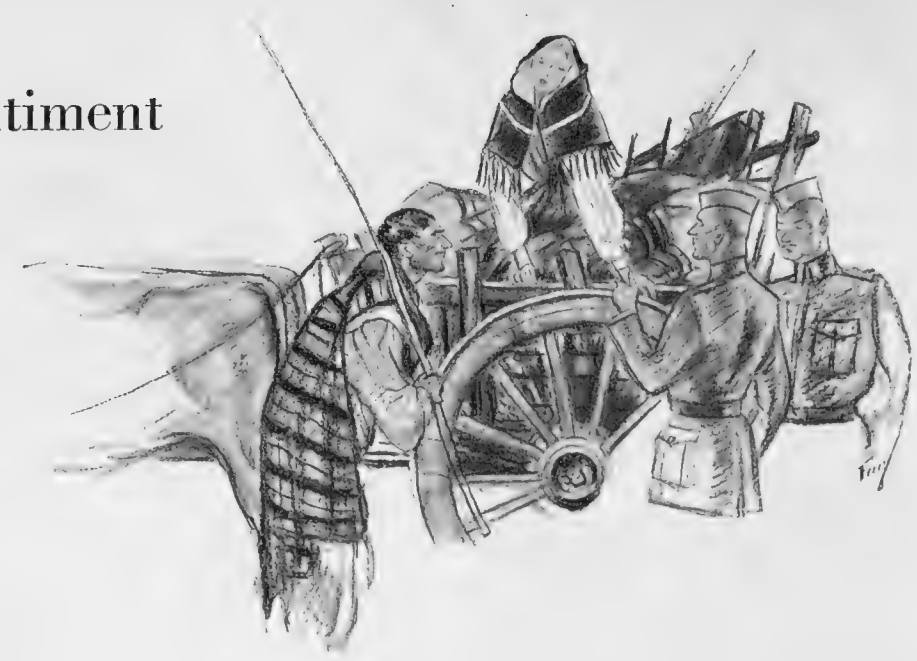
Lambert & Butler, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. M.8.A

"Bystander" Short Story

Strictly Without Sentiment

By L. G. Barnard

Illustration by Clark Fay



THE girl sat on top of sacks of provisions and of household goods; about her all the usual pathetic array of hastily-snatched belongings that mark the refugee. She was in peasant costume, with an apron, and the shawl about her head could not hide bright and irrepressible hair. Sometimes she strained forward as if to penetrate the late afternoon haze, but more often her glance went backward along the road, fearfully. Then she would look impatiently at the oxen who swung along at so slow a pace.

A man walked by the oxen. He also looked and most certainly smelt like a peasant, but when he spoke his voice belied him.

"Courage," he said. "We are almost there."

"Yes. Yes." She tried to smile. The colour came and went in her pretty face.

"Once we cross the bridge we are over the frontier and shall be safe. And then——"

Their eyes met; the glance eloquent with unspoken words. She clasped her hands in front of her as if in prayer, but her eyes were wide open, and the colour drained from her cheeks.

"Look," she cried. "There is the river now. So little a way," she said, "to that farther bank. Oh, my dearest, shall we ever get there? When they inspect our papers, when they question us——"

"Courage!" he said again.

But his lips were tight; beneath the concealing grime he had his own legitimate pallor.

ALL afternoon under the hot sun refugees had filled this road, piling up here at the bridge-head for that examination of papers and persons on which life or death might hang. The line had thinned as afternoon waned, and now the dust was beginning to settle, the road was emptied except for occasional stragglers. Captain Machedo, whose duty it was to supervise and interrogate and turn back any who were suspect, yawned his relief. There had been the usual grist of incidents, painful, comic—expedient. One leaden lesson had become necessary and the victim of it lay wrapped in foul sacking on the stinking floor of an outhouse at the rear.

"C'est la guerre!" shrugged Machedo, "eh, lieutenant?"

This subaltern who bore with him the brunt of the work was a picked man. "I must have," Machedo had insisted, "a young man without sentiment. There will be unpleasant duties in the performance of our task."

Lieutenant Elva was a tall, soldierly fellow, and under the crown of his chestnut hair was a face like stone and eyes like flints. His conduct had been unexceptionable. His detachment had marked him as the perfect human machine.

FOR a moment they could relax. Machedo flung himself down wearily behind the large, bare table that stood just within the custom-house doorway, and indulged his desire for a cigarette.

"Have one, lieutenant?"

"Not now, thank you."

It was almost a rebuke. Machedo repressed a smile. Machines do not indulge themselves when on duty. He blew a cloud of smoke and gave it as his opinion that it had been a wise proceeding to get rid of so much rabble across the border.

"They only clutter operations," he said. "In twenty-four hours now——"

He did not proceed with his estimate. A telephone at his elbow jangled. He spoke into it briefly, and hung up.

"Headquarters," he announced. "We are to stop at all costs a man who will try to pass by here or one of the other frontier posts—but in all likelihood here."

Elva's brows quirked.

"Description?"

"A bit vague. When last seen he was in peasant costume, riding hell-for-leather on a large black horse. It is expected he will have provided himself with papers under an assumed name."

"And this man?"

"Politically dangerous. The kind of tongue that must not cross the frontier. We shall have to be on our guard."

"Very good," said Elva.

IN one corner of the room, by a dusty pane, a bluebottle struggled in the coils of a spider-web. Sunlight slanted into the room, which was stuffy with the reek of humanity, stale tobacco, decaying wood. Commerce had abandoned it to military expediency. The bluebottle made a curious buzzing. The noise of its struggle would stop for a while, then become more intense.

The shadow of the squat, unlovely building was elongated across the road, upon which, after a short space, dust arose again. A cart was coming down it; a great lumbering thing drawn by two oxen who swung slowly along and came to a halt before sentries with rifles and bayonets.

Machedo rose and accompanied the lieutenant out. He had an eye for a pretty woman, and here was a bright-haired beauty, sitting on top of the usual hodge-podge of household effects.

As if with intuition, her eyes were focussed on Elva as upon the one most to be feared. Machedo allowed his own glance to shift. Bright beauty in distress had not come to them like this all day. How would a young man notoriously without sentiment take it? Machedo was prepared to be amused.

The subaltern's face remained a thing of stone. If anything the sight of beauty had hardened it. Machedo gave sudden thought to the spider poised in its web at the window inside, above a fly struggling in the toils.

MACHEDO stepped forward. The man who drove the ox-cart and who now came humbly forward might have been better favoured if he had been less soiled. His clothes were ill-fitting enough to brand him a lout, and he smelt to high heaven.

"Faugh!" muttered the captain, who was a bit of an exquisite. "Come, let me have your papers."

Inside, the telephone rang sharply. He motioned Elva to take the call.

The papers permitted Pedro Alvarez and his wife, Perdita, to pass. Machedo handed them back to the girl, who clutched them too eagerly.

"Wait," said the captain, "what are you afraid of? The innocent have nothing to fear. You are very pale."

She did not answer. He saw the small nervous movement of her fingers, and marvelled at their beauty, for he was susceptible to feminine charm.

Lieutenant Elva came out; in answer to Machedo's look, he said briefly: "A farmer reporting some minor robbery."

The captain nodded. A sudden impulse hit him.

"These papers seem in order to me. Perhaps you would care to question them?"

"If you wish it."

"I do."

Elva went towards the girl, holding out his hand for the papers. Her fingers seemed almost nerveless. The lieutenant scanned the documents, withholding them, glancing from the girl to her companion.

"They are an ill-assorted pair to be man and wife," he said. He turned to the countryman. "Come, you, answer some questions. Answer in the fear of God, and as you value life and liberty, or there 'll be a bayonet slitting your liver. You swear you are Pedro Alvarez."

The man bowed low.

"I am he."

"Take off your cap when you address an officer."

Elva himself tweaked it off, and it fell to the ground. The girl gave a repressed cry; but the man stooped and picked up the cap and held it humbly, patiently. He looked younger now, Machedo noted, and better favoured, and one grimed hand went up to brush back dark locks from a forehead on which beads of sweat were standing out. The lieutenant's eyes searched him; then went to the girl again.

"You are his wife?"

"Yes." Her voice was so low it could hardly be heard.

"Where is your wedding ring?"

She raised her left hand, startled.

"In our haste it was—left behind."

He caught hold of her fingers. She drew back as if his touch burned her, but he allowed no release.

"A ring makes a mark. There is no mark of a ring there."

Machedo's heart fluttered.

The girl lifted her head. Her eyes were a little wild.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

"And don't forget," I said, "they are 'men' at the 'Varsity, not 'boys'; and Courts are Quads at Oxford; and. . . ." Mary squeezed my arm.

"Isn't it thrilling, Anne?" she said.

"Your first visit to Oxford, and my first trip since I 'ran-in' my Ford V-8. I'm thrilled, too. I can step on it at last!"

"It's a dream, Anne . . . I mean the car." That's what I was thinking.

My father winced when I suggested a Ford V-8. He thought that a luxury eight-cylindered car would be beyond his means. But I told him how little extra it cost to step up into the V-8 class, and several V-8 owners proved how low running expenses were. (Actually, I've been getting between 22 and 27 miles to the gallon.) So father gave in. He's as excited as I am now.

"Seventy up this hill is pretty marvellous," said Mary, "and it doesn't feel as though we're doing more than fifty."

It was that long gradient just beyond High Wycombe, the one that shows up so many cars. I can honestly say that the V-8 didn't notice it. Never had I known that driving a motor car could be so thrilling. Nor so easy, because I felt quite safe at speed, although I'm not a so-called expert driver.

* * *

We reached Oxford in an hour and a half and went straight to the rooms that Peter and John share. Mary was twittering.

"Don't *seem* so excited," I had said, but without effect.

"We didn't expect you for half-an-hour," said Peter; "you must have travelled, Anne."

"It's her new car," said Mary; "she passed everything with the greatest of ease. What a lovely Court you live in, John!"

"Nice, isn't it?" said John; "funny, but we call them Quads at Oxford. What kind of car?"

"Oh, I *am* sorry! I forgot." She blushed furiously. "A Ford V-8 . . . a new one, just run in."

"No wonder you're early! There are very few cars that can compete with a Ford V-8, regardless of cost. Nothing to touch them for value and they're darn fine engineering jobs. I'd give my eye-teeth for one."

This, from mechanically-minded John, was praise indeed. I smiled.

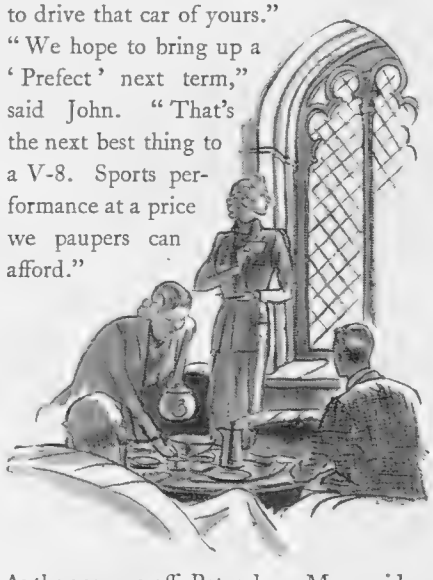
"Any Ford owner will tell you that, John."

* * *

It was a perfect day. We drove the boys (men, I mean) round to the Mitre for lunch. It was warm enough for the river, and we ended up with tea in their rooms.

"I wish we could drive back with you," said Peter as we got ready to go. "I'd love to drive that car of yours."

"We hope to bring up a 'Prefect' next term," said John. "That's the next best thing to a V-8. Sports performance at a price we paupers can afford."



As they saw us off, Peter drew Mary aside. "Oh, and Mary," I heard him say, "about the Eights Week Ball. I was wondering if you . . ."

FORD V-8 *Saloon de Luxe* **£280**, *Convertible Coupé* **£300**; *the 'Prefect', the Ten ahead of its class, Saloon* **£145**, *Double-Entrance Saloon* **£152.10.**, *Touring Car* **£155**; *prices at Works.*

• FORD OWNERS WILL TELL YOU •

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

The R.A.F. Takes the Air

By Charles Ward

Miss Nancy Bird, seen at Croydon with the captain of a K.L.M. liner. She is a practical authority on aviation in Australia, having flown many hundreds of hours as an air taxi and ambulance pilot

Strange Commentary

LAST week, when the latest European crisis was coming to a head, adjacent posters on a newspaper-stand proclaimed "Hammond Century"—"Break-Up of Czechoslovakia." England had returned almost to normal! News of the Test match was of equal importance to that of political events in south-eastern Europe—events which were in logical succession to those which caused the scare in September last. Has the alleged menace to ourselves by Germany been lifted, or are we taking a more disinterested view of events on the Continent? The answer is, we are concerned more with minding our own business—which is a good thing—and with preparing our defences so that we can protect our own interests, than with interfering in foreign countries where British influence has no real weight, diplomatic or military. It must be obvious that we control as much of the world as we can need for purposes of peaceful development. Such territory must be protected, and it is by the proper use of the air arm that this result will be achieved. Last week I wrote on the expansion of civil aviation indicated in the Air Estimates. The Service side is of far greater importance at the present time, for unless we can defend the Empire, our air trade routes are of no permanent value.

Expansion

THE high light of Sir Kingsley Wood's speech on the Air Estimates was the technical superiority of our warplanes, soon to be equalled by their quantity. The latter, given reasonable quality, is the standard by which air forces are judged. The "Hurricane" and the "Spitfire" are types that could bring down any type of modern bomber, given pilots of the necessary experience and skill. This country is spending a quarter of a million sterling a day on aircraft production—a figure which will increase before rearmament is completed. Group manufacture is an important change of plan—several firms will co-operate to build the same type, irrespective of who designed it. This is an attempt to eliminate many similar aircraft built by different companies, the mass production of which would be impossible in time of emergency. The delivery of aeroplanes from Canada is to be carried out by air. In Australia, New Zealand, and probably South Africa, factories are to be established that will cater for local defence as well as to reinforce home requirements.

Personnel and Research

ONE hundred thousand is the establishment in round figures of the R.A.F. to-day. Seventy-five thousand is the number of recruits required by the end of 1939. Including the personnel and pilots at civil training schools and universities, we should have 250,000 officers and men available this year. Modern warplanes demand pilots with longer training and a higher standard of airmanship than were needed from 1914 to 1918. To be of any value, a pilot needs 100 hours in the air, whereas the chaps went to war with 20 hours to their credit in the last struggle. In the Estimates £5,000,000 or so is allocated for research, a vital part of the nation's defence programme. Plastics, slots, flaps, v.-p. airscrews, sleeve-valve engines, wireless aids, instruments, lights for night flying and landing—these are some of the subjects dealt with under the heading of research. The constant effort is to make flying more economical in regard to take-off with a heavy load, range, easy navigation and safe landing. The object of air research should be to obtain safety with speed and economy. The results are of benefit to civil as well as Service aviation. More often than not in the past, the civilian has been ahead of the R.A.F., for business reasons.

The spring programme to the Continent includes 16 services a day to and from Paris. Imperial Airways, in association with British Airways, will use "Frobisher" liners, one of which is seen above, on the tarmac at Croydon

The Civil Side

THE King and Queen made a tour of one of our most remarkable aircraft factories last week, when they visited Rochester. Short Brothers' works were planted on a bank of the Medway and have grown as orders were received. Originally, the firm built balloons and proceeded to the development of seaplanes because their directors were interested in the sea and had water for launching and testing alongside. The contrast between a Short seaplane used for North Sea patrol and the latest "Sunderland" for guarding the Empire's trade routes is immense. The "Sunderland" is a twenty-ton job, equipped for a crew of eight or ten men. It can fly 3000 miles non-stop and contains living quarters similar to, although on a smaller scale, to those of a destroyer. In the same works Short Brothers are building the "Golden Hind" class of ocean flying-boats, 36 tons in weight, to be driven by 6000 horse-power. These are the forerunners of the Transatlantic passenger liner of the future. The present boats and their immediate successors will carry mails only. At a certain stage in the tour the King and Queen inspected the A.R.P. shelters constructed for some 5000 employees. These are veritable catacombs driven into the side of the hill flanking the works. Some of the underground shelters are 300 feet below ground. Any works—or any centre of population, for that matter—which has even a handy mound, can dig and line an air raid shelter at minimum cost. No mining engineer need be out of a job to-day, for he is the technician who should be most in demand.

Division of Labour

IMPERIALS and British Airways are reaching a division of labour without competition and irrespective of any financial deal which the Government or the Stock Exchange may wish to impose on the respective shareholders. Imperials are abandoning their services to Brussels and Budapest in favour of their opposite number, though retaining the line to Switzerland for the time being. The Paris service will be shared, "Frobisher" liners being used and operated by Imperials. To Berlin, British Airways will fly non-stop in 3¼ hours, using Lockheed "Fourteens." This company's fleet is entirely foreign in manufacture, but it awaits the delivery of new aircraft from Fairey's and de Havilland's to alter this adverse balance.

This England . . .

Isle of Wight—from Stenbury Down

ONCE a beloved playground of the Romans, Vectis the gentle suffered like the rest in the rough and tumble that is English history. Here is many a tale of raid and rapine, even of a Christmas feasting spoiled five hundred years ago, the day being spent in driving off the French. Later (a pretty tale) when "Boney's" menace lay upon our land, the women left to work the fields wore scarlet coats to cheat the watching eyes at sea. And since in England all good things survive, so is the isle a playground once again. Though you be an "outlander" yet are you welcome, for this too is England . . . as gently mellow in her strength as another grand survival of your past—the Worthington you'll need (and find) wherever you may play.

. . . by Worthington

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Happy Egoist

By V. S. Pritchett

As a dramatist, Mr. Sean O'Casey has always had a genius for catching people's talk; as an Irishman of the generation which gave birth to Mr. James Joyce, he has always been fascinated by the tricks and stunts of idiom for their own sake. Both of these interests give a fine pace, pungency, and local clamour to the narrative of the first twelve years of his childhood in the slums of north Dublin, which is the subject of *I Knock at the Door* (Macmillan; 10*s.* 6*d.*). Here is talk fit to stand beside the Paycock's; and misery and laughter in that sudden succession which shook one in *The Plough and the Stars*. There are three things which later memory irons out of versions of childish life: the talk, the child's sense of spectacle magnified by the immediacy of his impressions and his small power to reflect—and the noise. Poetical writers turn childhood into a soundless Arcadia: yet it really has the concatenations of something like a railway junction. From the first page of this book, where the brown-and-white and black-and-white horses are thrashing the cobbles, where the Quality and soldiery go caracoling to the Castle Balls while the poor let fly Shakespearean taunts at them, and where Parnell is carried through the streets like a saint, in all the heroic and fatuous pomp of politics, it is the actual sight and sound which count for Johnny Casside. He, as an underdog and a half-blind one at that through semi-starvation, was destined to find most of life uncomprehensible for a long time. Most writers about their childhood iron it all out, as I have said, with later knowledge; Mr. O'Casey re-creates the child, snivelling, fighting, learning to dodge trouble from streets and clergy, mangling the knowledge pumped into him by his elders, shrill, unhappy, thunderstruck by existence.

Mrs. Casside was a Protestant and loyalist in a Papist city, a penniless Protestant which was in itself freakish. "The shake of the bag," as her husband put it, had given her sons who died in infancy; she passionately wanted her last son to live. She fought for him against the family; when she found he was in danger of blindness she fought for him at the hospital. She was a widow by now and the clergy were after the boy, reproaching her for keeping him from school. She played doctors against ministers and the doctors won. The doctors in pre-Larkin Dublin could cure the boy's eyes, but they could not give him the food which would prevent the disease recurring.

From a book so ripe, so rich in the comic and pathetic, so alive with the hurly-burly of the semi-slum, one could cut out chunks of quotable passages. Mrs. Casside running to the hospital with her first dying child, and the half-farcical side of Mr. Casside's funeral are typical of Mr. O'Casey's excellence:

"Fifteen pints between eight and eleven," said the driver wearing the bowler-hat. "I wouldn't ask anything better, even on the night of me first daughter's wedding. We got home, we got home, but it took two hours to do it . . . two solid hours o' mighty sthrivin', but we done it in the end."

"They ought to have the old man warmly folded up be this," said the man wearing the yellow muffler.

It is a descent to the next two autobiographers, for they are egoists who do not get out of their own skins as Mr. O'Casey does. Their chief interest is themselves; other people are shadows. On the whole, Mr. Nicolai Gubsky is the more amenable to the existence of other people. *My Double and I* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is a sequel to *Angry Dust*, and in it he first describes and examines a sentimental pilgrimage he made to Mexico to meet an old love of the earlier book; and then a new affair in London where, once bitten, twice shy, he tried to find a self-justificatory, philosophical formula by which he would be able to love his wife and the young lady at the same time. The sea voyage to Mexico is the best thing in the book; that is objective and attractively unselfed; egoists should travel. One has no picture at all of the two ladies—they amount merely to wish projections. There is a difference between frankness and candour which Mr. Gubsky's philosophical pretensions illustrate interestingly and, I think, unfavourably to himself. His problems are real enough, and we in England depersonalise them by running either the Archbishop of Canterbury or Mr. Bertrand Russell over them; which makes Mr. Gubsky's unbosoming unusual if mystifying.

Bassano

Mrs. Lovat Dickson and Her Son

Mrs. Dickson is the attractive Canadian wife of the publisher, daughter of A. B. Brodie, of Montreal, was married in 1934. Her son is called Jonathan. Lovat Dickson was managing director of the publishing firm of that name from 1932 until it was sold to Peter Davies. He is at present on the staff of Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Frigyes Karinthy had reason to concentrate on himself alone. At the age of forty-seven he discovered one day in Budapest that he had a tumour on the brain. *A Journey Round My Skull* (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is the extraordinary story of this discovery, the course of the illness and the culminating and successful operation. The last takes some reading. He began by hearing the noise of trains rushing by and found that the noise was not from a railway but in his head. He went to an ear specialist. Nothing wrong. He began vomiting. He was told he had nicotine poisoning. His sight began to fail: he was told he must change his glasses. Then one of the doctors suspected. So had Mr. Karinthy, who was addicted to pathology and visited lunatic asylums for pleasure. A writer by profession, full of theories about life and the universe, Mr. Karinthy's fears—75 per cent. of operations are fatal, and in Stockholm, where his took place, he had only a local anæsthetic—were equalled by his excited interest in his condition. The doctors found his vivacity rather trying. Did they recognise (just as one suspects with Mr. Gubsky above) that all his speculative talk was the camouflage of fear or escape? Still, a sensitive patient's adventures with the science of medicine are just as much part of human experience as the doctor's; and, a certain tedious fancifulness apart, this book is an exciting and original document, tight with suspense until that astonishing scene on the operating-table when the drill goes into the skull. It is valuable to watch the growth of the huge self-importance of the sick.

Sinbad was the unsuitably-named and only son of Mr. Woodward, whose opinions were respected by everyone, "which was not surprising, because he held the same opinions as almost everyone else," and of Mrs. Woodward, a woman of strong mind and with a low view of human nature. The low view appeared to be justified by Sinbad. A timid child, untruthful, he grew up, as he went through prep. school, public school, and university, into a coward and a not-altogether attractive liar. At the university it seemed clear he was going to pieces, but no one knew the terrors inside him and how near normal he really was, if he could get over them. A bad-tempered adventure with a yacht and a gale in the Irish Sea, however, put him up against something serious and alone. There he rose to the occasion. Such is the theme of *The Man Below*, by H. T. Hopkinson (Hogarth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), whose stories have attracted notice. Slight, overworked, and conventional as the ground is, it is treated by a fresh, clear and truthful mind—truthfulness is not so common in novelists—and the promise lies in the terrific sailing chapter at the end.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

IT' S always a good time for cruising, but as soon as February is fairly over and March under way one begins to look forward to that special Easter trip. The new Dunlop coats—here is one example—are ideal for cruising or any kind of travel. They are made in tweeds and home-spuns from Shetland, Scotland, and Cumberland, and many of the materials are exclusive to the firm or specially designed by them. This swing-skirted model was selected as particularly fulfilling the requirements of a cruise coat. First, its colouring: off-white with a navy pattern. There is a pleasant nautical efficiency about navy and white that makes one look "an old hand" at seafaring even if previous experience is confined to paddle-steamers. Notice the deep armholes of this coat, that allow you to wear as many jumpers and jackets underneath it as you may require. The waist fits closely and the skirt swings at the hem. Dunlop models—and there is a most interesting variety of them—can be bought in most good stores, but a postcard to 28, St. George Street, Hanover Square, will obtain for you the name of your nearest agent

Morning——

Noon——and

Night

Scott Bushe

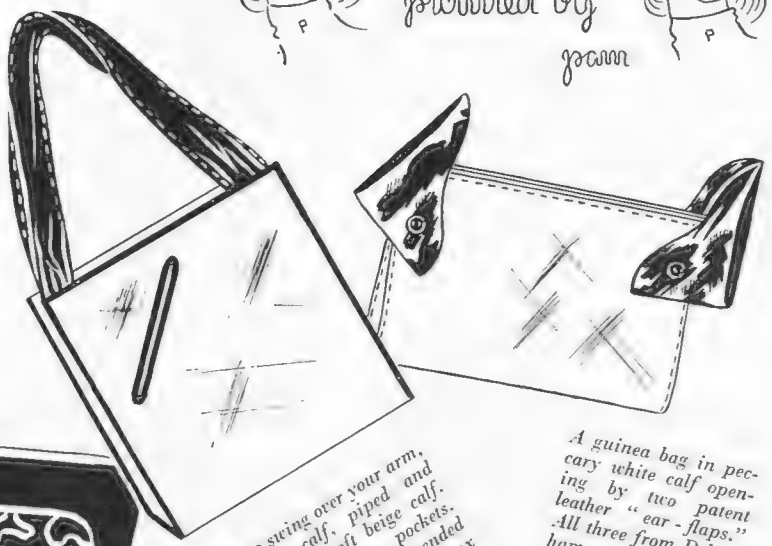
MORNING exercise—a brisk walk or a game of golf—wearing the sports shoes in the top row. They come, like the others on the page, from the Dolcis Co. First, a natural "softy" calf at 35s. Notice the "storm-guard" above the welt. It is available in brown calf as well, and in graduated fittings. Next to it, a punched calf tie-shoe with unlined vamp, very cool and soft for walking. Brown or blue calf or suède, 25s. 9d. At the right, a golf shoe in warm terra-cotta-coloured calf (or reverse calf or blue calf if you prefer) with sturdy crepe sole. Again the vamp is unlined for flexibility. 29s. 6d.

NOON—and afternoon—engagements demand sophisticated clothes, shoes that are smart but discreet, a handbag that echoes the personality of the shoes. That new spring suit will be admirably set off by the suède court shoe, piped with patent and with a tailor's button for trimming. Ask for "Burma"; in black, blue or wine. With your printed frocks "Banjo," a perforated cubitt in suède. There are five fittings. The third afternoon shoe has a high front with a twist trimming showing the reverse side of the suède. The side pieces are elastic. 65s. 9d., and the matching bag costs 65s.

NIGHT: There is an excellent choice of evening shoes at 350, Oxford Street. Here is a selection. First a satin open-toe shoe with Dutch heel, grooved in gold and silver. Alternative heel-heights—four "lifts" or seven. The one in the picture has seven "lifts." The chequered shoe is made in crêpe-de-Chine, each square studded with a topaz-coloured stone. Notice the spool heel, which has no angles. Also in black, diamanté-studded. The third in the group is a toeless satin Court shoe with knotted front. The satin pochette bag carries the same trimming as is used for the vamp of the shoe

The Bystander Twins in search of Novelties

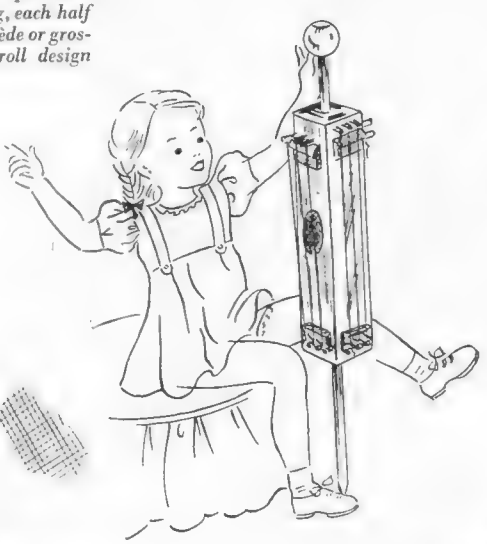
discovered by peta pictured by pam

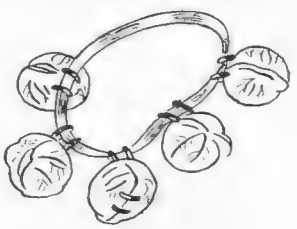


A bag to swing over your arm, in brown calf, piped and handled with soft beige calf. Two outside slit pockets. It is specially recommended with leopard, ocelot or lynx

A guinea bag in pecary white calf opening by two patent leather "ear-flaps." All three from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

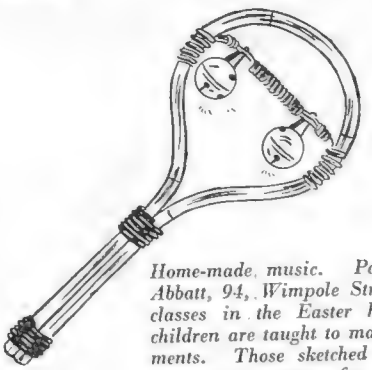
A "winning double"—two pochettes folded together make this bag, each half opening with a zip. Black suède or grosgrain, with a lacquered scroll design





These percussion instruments (shown above and below) are third-tuned bells mounted on cane, and walnuts strung on elastic. Each walnut contains a pebble and they make an attractive castanet-like sound

This Motoluxe rug has four pockets in its upper edge so that one or two persons can keep their hands warm. Grand for any car, but a particularly welcome addition to the back of the fast open variety. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, have it



Home-made music. Paul and Marjorie Abbatt, 94, Wimpole Street, hold two-hour classes in the Easter holidays at which children are taught to make musical instruments. Those sketched include a simple string instrument for vamping accompaniments. Each side of the square has three strings, each set tuned to a different chord — tonic, dominant and so on

THE CORRECT TOWN COAT is **BLACK**
and **FOX** TRIMMED
from Debenham & Freebody

A beautiful model in a fine silk backed wool with a luxurious flounce of white dyed natural blue fox

"THE FASHIONABLE WOMEN'S TREASURE HUNT" sent free on request or 'phone Langham 4444

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

***Brooklands** opened its season with poor weather, no great crowd, but excellent sport in a mixed car and motorcycle programme. E. M. Thomas in his M.M.W. (herewith) crossed the line first by three-fifths of a second in the second Long Handicap, but was unfortunate to be disqualified*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

LAST week I was present at one of the most whimsical functions I have ever attended. With my own eyes I watched the Railway lion and the Road Operators lamb sitting down side by side to a square meal. For years the rail and road interests have viewed each other with a degree of hostility which amounted almost to fanaticism. Yet here they were, scratching each other's backs in the most diverting manner, over a very delectable West End luncheon.

Proposing "Success to Road and Rail," Mr. Roger Sewill, of Associated Road Operators, referred to "the gentlemen's agreement" between his interests and those of the railway companies. In responding, Lord Stamp remarked: "There is nothing like being called a gentleman for making one try to behave like one"—and for the life of me I cannot yet make out exactly for whom that crack was intended!

IT is estimated that approximately 1¼ million licences will be taken out at the beginning of the next licensing quarter. Application for such licences may be made now.

In view of the additional strain which will be thrown on the staffs of the local taxation offices, and the serious inconvenience to traffic in certain places caused by a large number of late personal applications, the Minister of Transport appeals to motorists to apply for renewals as early as possible, so as to avoid congestion at the last moment, and to ensure that their applications for renewal are in order. Personal application can be made to a money-order office and this, too, should be made as early as possible. Motorists are requested to study carefully the instructions contained on pages 1 and 5 of the registration book, and on the renewal form, RF.1A.

Evidence must be produced when application is made for a motor-vehicle licence that the provisions of Part II. of the Road Traffic Act, 1930, regarding third-party insurance, have been complied with. This evidence will usually take the form of a certificate of insurance or a certificate of security. Renewal forms may be obtained from any money-order post-office.

THE opening Brooklands meeting was not graced by the best of weather, and the crowd was not overpowering, but the racing was good. To Connell, congratulations on winning the first race of the 1939 season—and at the satisfying speed of 111 m.p.h. It was bad luck for Thomas that his winning return to the wheel after many years' absence from the track as a driver should have been accompanied by disqualification.

From my vantage-point at the microphone in the Tower I could see the start of the incident which caused his exclusion, but almost at the moment it happened, the cars vanished from my vision behind the Members' Hill. On one point I am certain. Anything of an unorthodox nature of which Thomas may have been guilty was absolutely unintentional. This theory is borne out, I think, by the fact that Gerrard—the "victim" of the episode—did not see fit to lodge a protest.

The motorcycle races—unusual features at a B.A.R.C. meeting—were good fun, but the organisers should remember that at a car race meeting the public is mostly more remote from the competitors during Outer Circuit races, than at a motorcycle meeting and so the machines should carry much more prominent numbers than they did on this occasion.

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Photographed at Bertram Mills Circus

DUNLOP FORT TYRES **ALSO** HAVE TEETH

This group at the fork turn in the second mountain handicap at the Brooklands opening meeting is R. Parnell (B.H.W.), W. Esplen (M.G.), and P. Aitken. The race was won by J. Lemon Burton in a Bugatti

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page iv)

OF the smaller cars which have met with instantaneous success on sheer merit, the Morris " Ten-Four " is a shining example. This is probably accounted for by the fact that it caters perfectly for two classes of motorist.

For the driver of slender means, this little mechanical masterpiece is an ideal proposition. More roomy than many 12-, 14-, and 16-h.p. cars, the Morris is nevertheless eminently manœuvrable. One of the things which impressed me most of all in this car is the extraordinarily good visibility both forward and rearward—and regular readers of the BYSTANDER will know how rarely I find a car which satisfies my rather pernickety requirements in the matter of rear visibility.

The economy and extreme comfort of the Morris " Ten " are other admirable features. Not only is this car essentially suitable for the unmonied motorist, however. For the family which requires a second or third car, the Morris " Ten " is the obvious choice.

That it can stand up to phenomenally hard work uncomplainingly was demonstrated pretty thoroughly when on an official test it covered a grilling 2000 miles from Ankara in Asiatic Turkey via Istanbul to London in less than one week. The highly efficient four-cylinder o.h.v. engine is rated at 9·99 h.p., with an annual tax of £7 10s.

The four-speed gearbox provides synchromesh on second, third and top, while another noteworthy feature is the front suspension, with torsion-bar stabiliser, which eliminates roll. The fixed-head saloon Morris " Ten " sells at £175, while the same car with a sliding head costs but £10 more.

THE AUSTIN RANELAGH: A CORRECTION

In our issue of March 8th our motoring correspondent stated that a 1939 newcomer to the Austin list was " the 28-h.p. Ranelagh limousine at £700." This price was incorrect by £105 and should read £595. We much regret the mistake.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

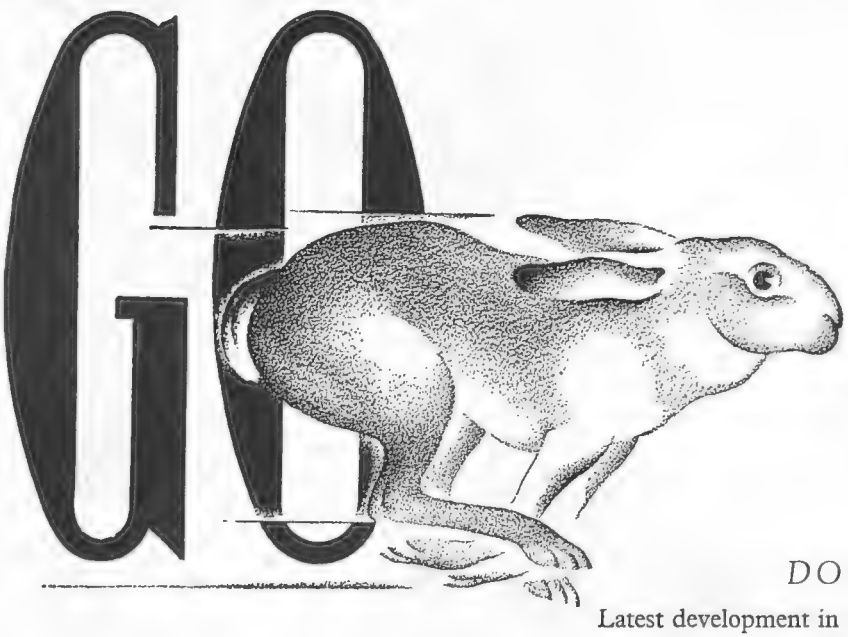
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE " BYSTANDER " GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....



DON'T IDLE—START—**GO!**

Latest development in 1939 cars is the automatic choke. Cuts down warming-up time; lets you drive straight off after starting. These conditions call for fuel of exceptional volatility. Shell, 100% pure and fortified with "reformed" petrol, is ready for the change.

SHELL FOR GO—GO FOR SHELL

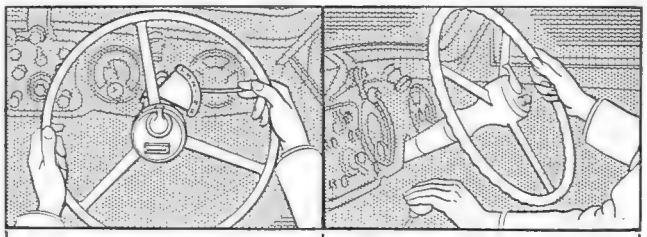
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The car that gives you EVERYTHING . . .

Put down your foot on an open road — and sample speed with safety . . . Fifty . . . sixty . . . seventy . . . more to come . . . and still she steers like thirty and rides like thirty . .

Room for all five? Not only that, in the new de-Luxe 14 — but comfort for all five. It's a very big car, in the medium h.p. class.

Take it on the road and your praise will know no bounds. Fly along at 70, and the independent front wheel springing carries you without pitch or sway, while Lanchester steering gives effortless control. Crawl through traffic, and the Daimler fluid flywheel makes jerks impossible, lets you forget gear lever and clutch entirely. It's a wonderfully roomy car with comfort for five — yet the appearance is beautifully modern and compact. Startling get-away and a cruising gait in the sixties. Annual tax of no more than £10.10s. A really fine car is the new LANCHESTER Roadrider — the car that gives you *everything.*



Daimler Fluid Flywheel transmission — gears that you pre-select without taking your hand off the wheel — no gear lever, no clutch . . .

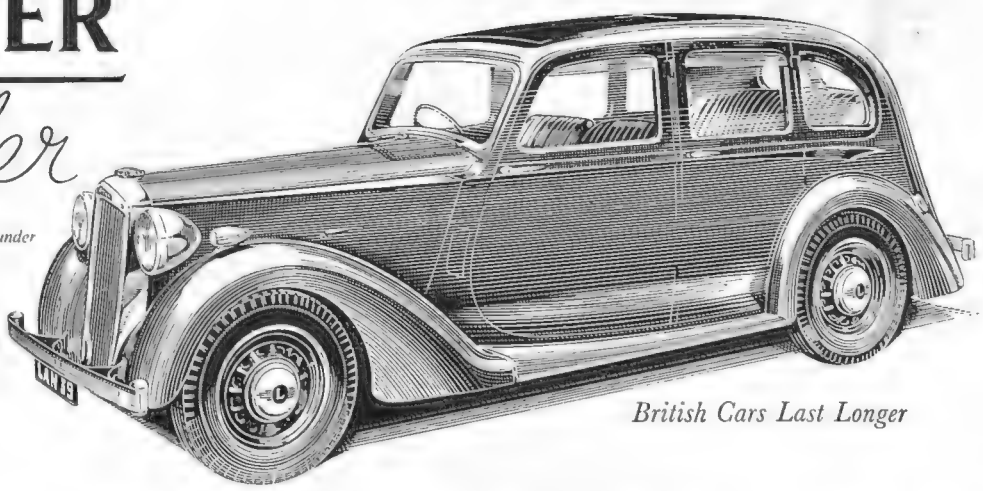
Instead, if you still prefer the old style of gear change — a silent synchro-mesh gearbox and a very sweet, smooth clutch. Have which system you like in the new Lanchester!

The LANCHESTER Roadrider

Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission is licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents

SIX-LIGHT SALOON or SPORTS SALOON . . . £375
with synchro-mesh gearbox £350
TAX £10 . 10

Learn more about this splendid car. Send a postcard to The Lanchester Motor Co., Coventry, for free illustrated catalogue and name of your local Lanchester dealer.



British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY · LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

Strictly Without Sentiment *(Continued from page 440)*

"What does a ring matter?" she cried. "Before God I am his wife."

Elva's glance held intolerably. Machedo watching, cried out within himself: "He will turn her to stone, too," for so the effect of Elva's eyes seemed to be. Then suddenly the lieutenant dropped back, let go her hand, and said curtly:

"If you are satisfied, I am."

"Yes. Yes." Machedo did not quite cloak his surprise in the quick affirmation.

The sentries fell back. The ox-cart creaked, the oxen swayed their long-horned heads and moved forward.

MACHEDO followed in on his subordinate's heels. He made a business of his cigarette case.

"Thanks," said Elva, taking one.

Machedo pushed this slight advantage.

"Elva," he said, cupping his match, and the flare lighting his face, "I've always thought myself a tolerably hard case. I've seen things and done things. But I can still raise a pulse over a pretty woman in distress. If it's a fair question, what turned you into—into what you are?"

Elva tossed his own match down and ground it with his heel.

"A pretty woman," he said.

"Ah, ha. Just the old tale."

"Quite old. She left me for another man."

"Come now," cried Machedo, "you did not persist, perhaps."

Elva allowed himself no change of countenance.

"I know love when I see it. Now I hate love when I see it."

"I presume this girl of yours was pretty also."

"Yes, very pretty."

He sprang up so suddenly that Machedo dropped ashes on the sleeve of his tunic. But in a moment he was up, too. A clatter of hoofs increased in the still air. Someone was coming hell-bent down the road. They ran out together. Through the cloudy swirl of dust it was possible to make out a rider on a great black horse.

"Stop him!" shouted Machedo. "It's the fellow we want. Shoot to kill if he attempts to make the bridge."

THE injunction was unnecessary. The black was reined in sharply, voluntarily; a large, angry, red-faced man leaped from the saddle almost at Machedo's feet. He panted, "A cart—with oxen. They came this way. You must have seen them."

"Calm yourself," said Machedo. "You are incoherent, my friend. When you get your breath be good enough to inform us where you came by this black horse?"

An apoplectic rage seized the man.

"Did I not telephone?" he stormed. "Did I not telephone here that a fugitive on a black horse had left the creature behind at my farm, trussed me and my missus, taken my ox-cart, my goods and my papers as we were all but ready to set out. By the time I got free and caught the beast and got to where I could send a message, they must have been almost here."

Captain Machedo stiffened.

"And your name?"

"Pedro Alvarez."

Machedo shot an oblique glance at his lieutenant. But Elva was staring at the bridge, towards which now the angry farmer was pointing a shaking finger. Creaking towards them across the bridge, the diagonals dappling it with a moving pattern of shadow, came the ox-cart. It moved slowly out into full sunlight, the slow-footed beasts without any driver to goad them forward. The farmer halted them, his eyes making a quick inventory.

"Everything," he muttered. "Everything as it was. And here—see?—are the papers tucked in."

Captain Machedo's thoughts leaped: "Yes, everything—except a girl with bright hair, and a man who is undoubtedly her lover." And he stared at the slight depression in a sack of provisions on which she had sat. "It is your lucky day," he said, "you have your own back, and are in a very fine beast, if I am a judge of horses. Now be off, and let us hear no more of this incident."

The man touched his cap. He looked numbed and uncertain. His lips opened, but he said nothing; shrugging, and making ready to leave.

LIEUTENANT ELVA had gone inside. There Captain Machedo followed him again.

"You took that telephone call, Elva."

"Yes."

Their eyes met. Elva's were like flints. Machedo twiddled the ends of his small moustache.

"So that was the lady and her lover?"

The subaltern made no answer. He threw his cap down on the table, and began to remove his belt.

Machedo queried sharply: "What are you doing?"

"Surrendering to you."

"Put them back," ordered Machedo, "I said put them back." He went to the door, called: "Bring that fellow in here." The man was brought. "You are sure you telephoned here?" asked Machedo.

"But yes. I am sure. I think——"

"You think," said Machedo. "Understand it is not good enough that you should think. Next time you are in urgency like this make sure you get the message delivered to the right person. See now—if you have occasion to telephone again ask for me, Captain Machedo, or failing that, ask for Lieutenant Elva. I myself," said the captain with a quick glance at his subordinate "am a man under authority, and Lieutenant Elva was recommended for this post as a man—" he coughed drily—"as a man quite properly without sentiment in the discharge of any duty." [THE END.]

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (17th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1939, will be held at Hesketh, Lancashire, by kind invitation, April 18th to April 21st. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: MRS. H. SOMERVILLE and MISS D. GREEN.

HOTELS

The address of MISS HELME during the Foursomes will be PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, SOUTHPORT. *'Phone:* Southport 4131. Special terms to competitors there will be—
14s. 6d. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
17s. 6d. ditto, with afternoon tea and table d'hôte luncheon in addition.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Southport are—
HESKETH PARK HYDRO HOTEL (nearest to course): from 12s. 6d. per day, all meals inclusive.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast.
PALACE HOTEL, BIRKDALE: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast. 15s. 6d. per day, all meals.
SANDHURST PRIVATE HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 9s. 6d. per day, dinner bed and breakfast.
SMEDLEY HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 14s. 6d. per day, all meals.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes
N.P.F.A. Competition (8th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. STEPHENSON.

In conjunction with the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Hesketh during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lancashire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 18th, to Friday, April 21st, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Hesketh, may decide

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30. L.G.U. couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps, and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing as soon as possible. Or she may ask to be given a partner if one is available.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before March 31st should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. The eight pairs with the lowest joint handicaps will be seeded.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HESKETH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Seventeenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Hesketh, on April 18th, 1939, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....
To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 14th, to Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport. *Telegrams and Telephone:* Helme, Southport 4131.

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We took all the young ideas in suits to make the perfect suit. Skirt with a swing — shorter than ever. Soft tailored jacket with the Couturier's 'dart pleats.' Tailored to order, in a rainbow of plain-coloured wools.

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

London's Foremost Fashion Specialists

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Monica Fretigny Pantin

Is the eldest daughter of the Hon. H. F. Pantin, of Grenada, B.W.I., and 6, Brockley Avenue, Stanmore, Middlesex. She is engaged to James Patchett, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Patchett, of Longdon House, near Wellington, Shropshire

Vandyk

Nancy Lorraine Belsham

Is engaged to Bertram Harold Barber, eldest son of the late Harold P. Barber, and Mrs. Barber, of Todwick House, near Sheffield. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Belsham, of Hunstanton, Norfolk

Rosemary Broadley

Is engaged to John Ingersoll Cropley, of 96, Althea Court, Durban, South Africa. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. L. Broadley, of Priest Hill, Limpsfield, Surrey, and the Knapp, Seaview, I.O.W. They will be married in Durban

Pearl Freeman

Dorothy Mabel Crofts

Will marry on April 15th, Dr. Harford M. Hyde, of 94, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hyde, of the Warren, Donaghadee, Co. Down. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Crofts, of Forwood, Disley, Cheshire. Her father is a scientist, and Secretary to the Northern Universities' Joint Matriculation Board

Catherine Bell

Monica Harriett Griffith

Is the daughter of the late Archdeacon Griffith, of Thorp Arch, Yorks., and Mrs. Griffith, of 11, Elm Park Road, S.W.3. She is to marry Hilary Redvers Rooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rooper, of 8, Clifton Road, Winchester, Hants.

Bassano

Mary Colthup

Is engaged to Nico Vincenzo Moederle, youngest son of Col. M. Moederle and Countess Alberti Moederle, of Gardone, Italy. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Colthup, of Howletts, Chilham, Kent

Lenare

Joan Kingwill

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kingwill, of 46, Alderney Street, S.W.1, and will be married in April to Flt.-Lt. Robert Jerram Gosnell, R.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gosnell, of 14, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8

Lenare

Margaret Eileen Barry

Is engaged to Ian Campbell Grant, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell Grant, of Highfields, Whitecraigs, Renfrewshire. She is the only daughter of Mrs. T. Barry, of 43, Clarewood Court, Seymour Place, W.1

Lenare

Suzanne Mary Cooke

Is the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. B. H. H. Cooke, of Queen Anne's Cottage, Windsor, Berks., and is engaged to Arthur Nicholas Boyd, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boyd, of Woodside Cottage, Windsor Forest

Fayer

Daphne Isabel Day

Is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Julian Day, of Lavant House, Chichester, Hants., and is engaged to Arthur Marmaduke Langdale, of Moor Farm, Midhurst, Hants., son of Arthur Loel Langdale, of Milford, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Langdale

Lenare

Debbie Holt

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Appleby Holt, of Brede Place, near Rye, Sussex. She has announced her engagement to Richard Beddington, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beddington, of 89, Kensington Court, W.8

Pearson, Bristol

Rosamond Batty

Has announced her engagement to Alan O. Wills, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Wills, of Manor House, Abbots Leigh, near Bristol. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Batty, of Beverholme, Darlington, Co. Durham

Neal — Barry

Denis Neal, son of Harry Neal, of 77, Albion Gate, W.2, and the late Mrs. Neal, and Barbara Barry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. R. Barry, of Green Shutters, Sutton, Surrey, were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent

Stuart — Spencer

Innes Stuart, youngest son of the late William Stuart, and Mrs. Stuart, of Luffness, Mill House, Aberlady, and Audrey Ruston Spencer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Spencer, of Binghill, Murtle, Aberdeenshire, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Shepley-Cuthbert — Marsh

Charles Shepley-Cuthbert, son of the late Captain D. Shepley-Cuthbert, and Mrs. Shepley-Cuthbert, of Gamesley, Glossop, Derbyshire, and Mary Marsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Marsh, of Dauntsey, Chippenham, Wilts., were married at Chelsea Old Church

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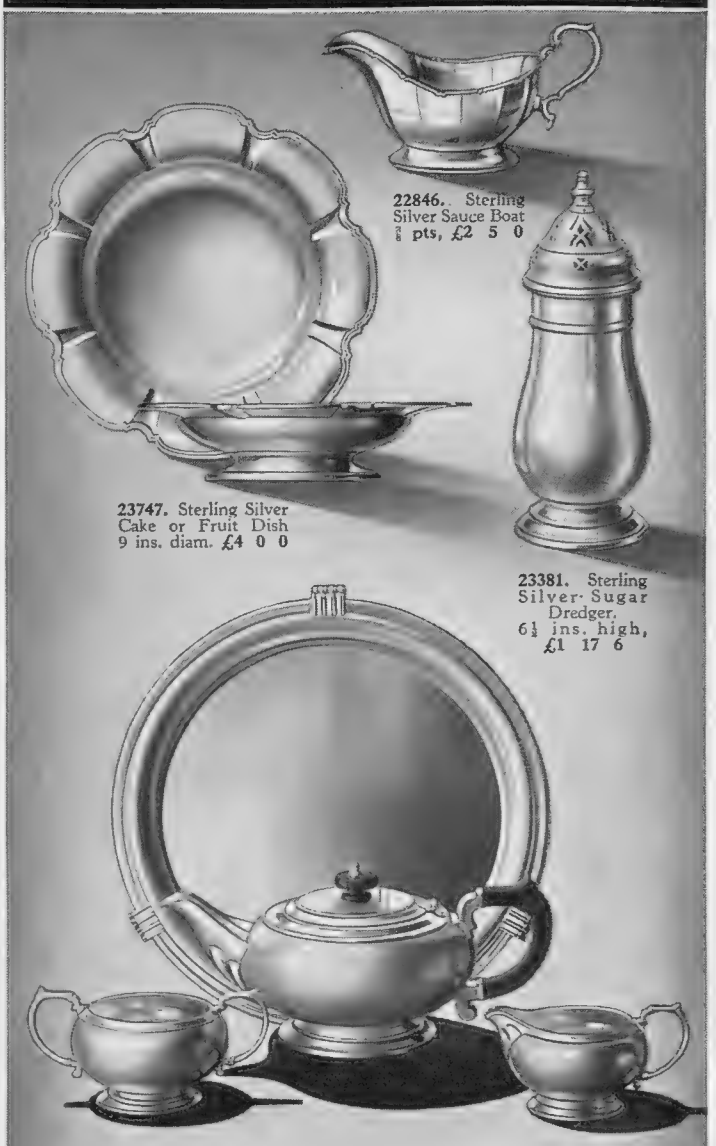

22846. Sterling Silver Sauce Boat ¾ pts, £2 5 0

23747. Sterling Silver Cake or Fruit Dish 9 ins. diam. £4 0 0

23381. Sterling Silver Sugar Dredger, 6½ ins. high, £1 17 6

23709. Sterling Silver Salver on feet.
8 ins. £4 4 0 10 ins. £6 17 6
12 ins. ... £9 15 0

23921. Sterling Silver Tea Service,
3 pieces ... £10 10 0
(Teapot holds 2 pints)

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***Lausanne**, well known to generations of English pensionnaires, lies on the Lake of Geneva—Switzerland's biggest — opposite the mountains of Savoy*

GOING AWAY

The "Bystander's" March Travel Guide

By Hugh C. Wallace

Steinemann, Locarno

***Locarno**, at the Swiss end of Lake Maggiore "has all the rich, warm colouring generally associated with places much further south"*

● GOING AWAY . . . COMPILED BY ONE OF THE MOST INVETERATE AND EXPERIENCED OF TRAVELLERS, THIS SECTION OF THE "BYSTANDER" APPEARS EACH MONTH. IT DISCUSSES THE IDEAL CRUISES AND RESORTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR IN GOOD TIME FOR RESERVATIONS TO BE MADE

Lakes and Rivers

Switzerland

It looks as if this is going to be a Swiss year. People who are keen on Switzerland and things Swiss are talking about and looking forward to visiting the great National Exhibition that is being held in Zürich from May to October, and for which such extensive and elaborate preparations have been made. Zürich is a very delightful city, so much so that there is an old German proverb to the effect that "God gives to him He loves a house in Zürich." The Exhibition grounds are most charmingly situated on two sides of an arm of the Lake, the two sections being linked up by a cable railway and a service of electric motor boats.

It is, of course, quite impossible to write at all adequately about such an exhibition in a paragraph; it may, however, be enough to say that in the various Pavilions visitors will be able to see Switzerland in miniature, and that is saying rather a lot, for it is to be remembered that we are thinking of a country that has four official languages, spoken by people as different in upbringing as they are in speech, and yet living together in unity and concord and manifesting a patriotism of a very fine type.

Those who go to Zürich early, and are looking about for somewhere other than a city in which to spend the rest of the holiday, may be reminded that the Lake of Lucerne, with its score of villages—and all of them should then be sparkling in the brightness of the sun—is quite near at hand, and if in addition a mountain resort is sought, what could be more convenient than one of the places lying just off the Brunig railway?

It is strange that so many should go over the Brunig on their way between Lucerne and Interlaken, and should apparently be

(*Continued on page* F)

SUNSHINE IN SPRING
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INFORMATION : Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent Street, London, S.W.1, Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents

S. Berni, Klosters

***Klosters** is one of the winter sports resorts of which Mr. Wallace will write in their summer disguise next month*

where he can eat his luncheon sitting in an amphitheatre of mountains among whose crags the eagle finds his eyrie. He will for ever hug the recollection of such a day to his memory.

Let it be borne in mind that this is just one of the many possible expeditions to be made in this and the neighbouring valleys. Nunalphorn has been "discovered," and recollecting that it is but an hour's journey from Lucerne it is safe to prophesy that in a year or two it will be one of the major resorts of Central Switzerland.

ALAS! our space is gone. In our next "Going Away" article we must see what lake places that are further north, and Rhaetian Highland resorts like Davos and Klosters, have to say for themselves.

Italian Lakes

WHEN the Italian Lakes are mentioned, a goodly number of minds instantly jump to Lugano—which if Italian in looks is very decidedly Swiss in temperament. Let it be said at once that Lugano is worthy of all the praise that has been lavished upon it. Because of its position it is a truly marvellous centre, and on this account alone can never be dethroned from its pride of place.

It is but natural, though, that having seen Lugano many should desire to go further afield. One delightful thing about these lakes is the remarkable manner in which they differ from each other. Garda has grandeur. Maggiore has beauty. Como has charm, and Orta has daintiness.

Lake Como used to be the haunt of the English, as the Anglican Church at Cadenabbia bears witness, and it can never really drop out of our affections. It is difficult, in fact, for a Britisher who has known this lake for thirty years to prevent his pen running on in what an outsider might consider extravagant praise. But why have we been content to see only the butt-end of Garda as the train hastened us on to Venice? On the eastern side of that lake is "the Gardone Riviera," which is really superb, and that at all seasons of the year. Here the camellias, magnolias, palms and olives abound and the vegetation is riotous in its richness. It is an open question if there is in all the north of Italy a district more prodigal in beauty than the Salo-Fasana part of that ten-mile stretch. Round Lake Garda is a broad and smooth motor road, which is a masterpiece of engineering skill, and as it skirts the water's edge—where there is colour such as no canvas has ever held—practically all the way, it makes in itself a tremendous appeal.

(*Continued on page* H)

(*Continued from page* D)

resolutely determined to look neither to the right hand nor the left, with the result that some very beautiful valleys quite near Lucerne are still "off the beaten track" as far as English visitors are concerned.

JUST to take a single illustration. How few know anything of the Melchtal? Here is a valley full of natural beauty that has been almost altogether neglected by our people. The best stopping-place is Nunalphorn (known in the guide books as Flüeli Ranft), almost ideally placed at the comfortable height of 2450 feet. Round this tiny spot are many easy walks, and there is good bathing in the Sarnen See, but a short distance away. As for the vigorous walker, he will be in his element here. If he is so minded, he can, for instance, go along the valley to Stock Alp in the Post motor, have himself hoisted by aerial railway to Melchsee Frutt (6295 ft.) in a matter of twelve minutes or so, and then start his tramp in real earnest. From here he can make his way by a well-marked path over flowery pastures with the blue gentian and the crimson rhododendron for his companions, to Engstlen Alp (6033 ft.),

***Nunalphorn** (or Flüeli Ranft), below the Melchtaler-bergen, lies in "a valley full of natural beauty"*

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***Isola Bella** is one of the three famous Borromean islands of Lake Maggiore, and of the three is the most touristically developed*

(*Continued from page* F)

IF one is to judge from questions being asked, many are thinking of Lake Maggiore this year, and perhaps more particularly of Locarno, at its northern end. Between that and Stresa at the southern extremity it is a case of "honours even." The latter has the advantage of being confronted by the famous Borromean Islands. Of the three islands, all of which should be visited, it can be said that Isola Bella is the most artificial, Isola Pescatori the most picturesque, and Isola Madre the most fascinating. On the last-named wild Nature has been left more free to have its way, and that with delightful results. Stresa, with its lido and its golf links, its race meeting and its tennis tournaments, knows how to look after its visitors.

Locarno, at the Swiss end, is quite different, even if in some ways it looks more Italian. The little town has all the rich warm colouring generally associated in thought with places much further south. In addition to the lakeside attractions of its rival it has the most inviting hinterland. There are obvious excursions like that to Madonna del Sasso, perched on a wooded cliff high above the town, and that along the lake to Ascona, grown from a quiet and quaint fishing village to something of a resort and having not only a splendid bathing beach but a good golf course; and to Brissago, where the hillside is draped with vines and fig-trees.

Some of the best sights, though, are hidden away in the valleys behind. The Centovalli is splendid, but the Valle Maggia is more so, and no wise man comes away from Locarno without making his way to Bignasco. Few English folk seem to think it worth while making this twenty-mile jaunt by electric train, but those who do, find themselves in an exquisite spot in the midst of the mountains of Ticino and with glorious walks through the chestnut forests and beyond. Mr. H. Warner Allan's summing-up concerning the effects of the Italian lakes climate and scenery cannot be beaten. He says we emerge from it with the "mind well soaked in Italian beauty."

The Rhine

WE have been told many times that "summer comes early in Germany," and that especially in the Rhineland, and further that "he who has not seen the Rhine has not seen

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VAL-MONTE ET LA COLLINE—DIETARY AND THERAPEUTIC CLINICS

Chillon College - - W. G. Roberts, M.A.

Round Lake Garda is a broad and smooth motor road which is a masterpiece of engineering skill

Germany." Accepting the second statement as true, it would not be at all a bad idea to put the first to the test and go out to or return from Switzerland or the Lakes by way of the Rhine.

A good plan is to start at Cologne, travel by steamer to Coblenz and then proceed by train to Basle; but, of course, that can be done equally well in the reverse direction. This combination of methods enables one to do quite a few desirable things. In the end it will probably be agreed that the steamer journey is the most pleasant as well as the most leisurely way of seeing the countryside, while the train part makes it possible to sample what is in some ways the finest of Europe's luxury trains—the Rheingold Express.

This year, in that particular tract of river, the popular places are likely to be Godesburg and Konigswinter, for at the former Mr. Chamberlain had his meeting with Herr Hitler, and at the latter the English statesman stayed. Konigswinter is the spot from which the Seven Mountains are generally visited, and the principal of these, the Drachenfels, has been made tolerably familiar to English folk by Byron's *Childe Harold*.

Then there is Bonn, a quiet and cultured town, celebrated as the birthplace of Beethoven, and having behind it a number of alluring old villages as well as the mountainous plateau known as the Volcanic Eifel, with lakes like the Laacher See, whose waters are contained in what is alleged to be the gigantic crater of an extinct volcano.

IN some ways the best of the resorts from an excursion point of view is Coblenz, at the confluence of Germany's two most beautiful rivers, the Rhine and the Moselle. Almost the first sight that the visitor consciously encounters there is the immense statue of Emperor William the First, who, carved in copper, surveys from a great height the meeting of the waters. Not only can the

Stresa, at the south end of Lake Maggiore, has a lido, golf course, race meeting and tennis tournaments for its visitors

SWITZERLAND

by the SHORT SEA ROUTES

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Gutenfels and the Pfalz: *this typical Rhine view shows the ruined castle of Gutenfels and the fortified Pfalz island. Blücher crossed the river here in pursuit of the French in 1814*

Moselle valley, with its vine-covered slopes, be visited easily, but also the Lahn Valley, with its world-famous spa of Bad Ems.

Of course, everyone will give long enough to Cologne to make the acquaintance of the twin-spired cathedral, with whose silhouette advertisers have made us all familiar, and the building of which covered a period of over six centuries, and—to buy a bottle of Eau de Cologne.

THE scenery of this legend-haunted river is indeed great. Then, too, it must be said that it is surely a sensible thing to give ourselves the chance of getting to know our German neighbours better, and they are to be seen at their very best showing hospitality to the stranger. The great German recreation in which all can join is eating or drinking in the open air—to the melody of music!

Holidays

Holidays is the word that is beginning to occupy everybody's who has work to take a rest from. In this connection, a helpful book is published by Messrs. Pickford's Travel Service. In three sections (Continental, British and Cruising) a variety of all-in tours and visits are outlined. For those who like their path smoothed when travelling, we recommend a study of Pickford's *Holidays*, 1939.

The Drachenfels, *in the centre distance, is one of the Seven Hills (Siebengebirge) on the Rhine; to the left is Rolandseck, mentioned in the Roman de Roland*

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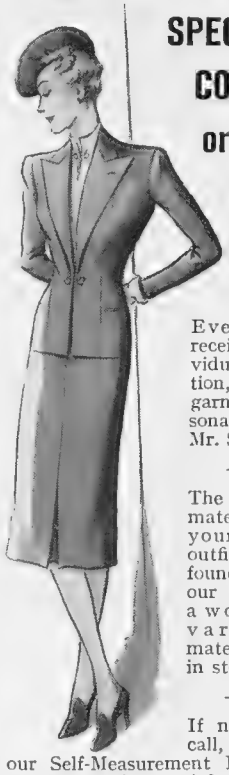

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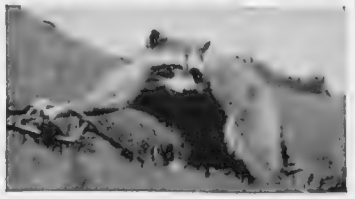
IN GREY OWL'S MEMORY



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Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.–Navirotel.–Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illus. booklet with trms.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued*

FRANCE—*continued*

Menton.—Riviera Palace.—Ideal Winter Residence. 25 acres of grounds and gardens.

Monte Carlo.–Hotel Bristol & Majestic.—200 rms. 80 bths. Facing sea. Bridge rm. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in htl. Full bd. fr. Frs. 75 on.

Monte Carlo.–Le Grand Hotel.–350 rooms. 280 bathrooms. Entirely renov. Open all the year. Central. Opposite New Sporting Club.

Monte Carlo.—The Mirabeau.—A home away from home. Unrivalled situation. F. Schipper.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Prince De Galles.—Strictly First-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.–Hotel Terminus Palace.–1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £4.4. With priv. bath £5.

Nice.—Hotel Florida.—Avenue Orangers full South, garden, near Sea, comfort. Excellent cooking. Pension 40 francs.

GERMANY

Bad Gastein.–Grand Hotel, Gasteinerhof.–Sunniest htl. 1st-cl. 180 bedrooms. Pens. from R.M. 9. Pat. by Eng. Soc. Open in Win. too.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its hors-d'œuvre. Rms. fr. M. 5. Garage & pumps on premises.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen (Bavarian Alps).—**Park-Htl. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg. htl., best cen. sit. Ev. com. Pros. thro' Prop., Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks. 6. Catal'gs.

GERMANY—*continued*

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bathing estab. Pat. by best Soc. Pens. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons.) Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fr. R.M.12.

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Arosa. — Valsana Sporthotel. — First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon." Dancing. Inclusive terms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run. Strela Ski-lift. Rms. fr. S.Frs. 7. Full board fr. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer, Man.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea-level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**–Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten., Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Regina Hotel Alpenruhe.—First-cl. Good value and personal attention. Pen. terms fr. 14/-. A. Bohren, Man. Propr.

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland). — Lloyd Htl.—Dir. on the Lake. All comfs. 100 Beds. Open-Air Ter. Rest'nt. Pens. fr. Frs. 11.50.

Lugano.—Hotel Splendide.—First class in every detail, lovely situation on the lake. Family, R. FEDELE.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host of the Elite. Season till end of March.

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